

THE

(4)

GENTLE SHEPHERD:

A

SCOTS

PASTORAL COMEDY.

BY

WILLIAM RAMSAY.

h

ELEVENTH EDITION WITH THE SANGS.

GLASGOW,

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M DCC LII.



T O

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE,
USANNA,
COUNTESS of EGLINTOUN.

ADAM,

THE love of approbation, and a desire to please
the best, have ever encouraged the Poets to
their designs with chearfulness. But, conscious
of own inability to oppose a storm of spleen, and
of my ill nature, it is generally an ingenious cu-
stom amongst them to chuse some honourable shade.
Therefore I beg leave to put my Pastoral under
Ladyship's protection. If my Patroness says, the
herds speak as they ought, and that there are
natural flowers that beautify the rural wild;
I have good reason to think myself safe from
backward censure of some pretending judges that
must come before examination.

I am sure of vast numbers that will croud into
Ladyship's opinion, and think it their honour
to be in their sentiments with the Countess of
Eglintoun, whose penetration, superior wit, and
judgment shine with an uncommon lustre,

while accompanied with the diviner charms of gentleness and equality of mind.

If it were not for offending only your Ladyship here, Madam, I might give the fullest liberty to my Muse to delineate the finest of women, by describing your Ladyship's character, and be in no danger of being deemed a flatterer; since flattery lies not in paying what is due to merit, but in praises misapplied.

Were I to begin with your Ladyship's honorable birth and alliance, the field is ample, and presents us with numberless, great and good particulars that have dignified the names of KENNEDY and MONTGOMERY. Be that the care of the Historian: 'tis personal merit, and the bewitching sweetness of the Fair, that inspire the tunes of the Poet. Here every Lesbia must be excepted, whose task it is to give liberty to the slaves, which their eyes have made captives. Such may be flattered; but your Ladyship justly claims our admiration and our truest respect; for whilst you are possessed of outward charm in the most perfect degree, the fading beauties of wisdom and piety, which adorn your Ladyship's mind, command devotion.

All this is very true, cries one of better sense and good nature; but what occasion have you to say the sun shines, when we have the use of our eyes, and feel his influence?—Very true; but

liberty to use the Poet's privilege, which is,
 'To speak what every body thinks.' Indeed there
 be some strength in the reflection, if the Ida-
 registers were of as short duration as life: but
 Bard, who fondly hopes immortality, has a cer-
 praise-worthy pleasure, in communicating to
 the fame of distinguished characters —
 this last sentence with a hand that trembles
 between hope and fear; but if I shall prove so happy
 please your Ladyship in the following attempt,
 all my doubts shall vanish like a morning va-
 I shall hope to be classed with Tasso and Gua-
 and sing with Ovid,

*If 'tis allow'd to Poets to divine,
 One half of round eternity is mine.*

MADAM,

Your Ladyship's

Most obedient,

And most devoted Servant,

ALLAN RAMSAY.

T O T H E
C O U N T E S S o f E G L I N T O U N

With the following

P A S T O R A L

A CCEPT, O EGLINTOUN! the rural Lay,
That, bound to thee, thy duteous Poet pays
The Muse, that oft has rais'd her tuneful strains,
A frequent guest on Scotia's blissful plains,
That oft has sung, her list'ning Youth to move,
The charms of beauty, and the force of love,
Once more resumes the still successful lay,
Delighted, thro' the verdant meads to stray:
O! come, invok'd, and pleas'd, with HER repair,
To breath the balmy sweets of purer air;
In the cool ev'ning negligently laid,
Or near the stream, or in the rural shade,
Propitious hear, and, as thou hear'st, approve
The *Gentle Shepherd's* tender tale of love.

LEARN from these scenes what warm and glowing
Inflame the breast that real love inspires.
Delighted read of ardours, sighs, and tears;
All that a lover hopes, and all he fears:
Hence too, what passions in his bosom rise,
What dawning gladness sparkles in his eyes,
When first the fair one does her hate relent,
And blushing beauteous smiles the kind consent.
Love's passion here in each extreme is shown,
In CHARLOT's smile, or in MARIA's frown.

WITH words like these, that fail'd not to engage,
Love courted beauty in a golden age,
Pure and untaught, such nature first inspir'd,
Ere yet the Fair affected phrase desir'd.

secret thoughts were undisguis'd with art,
 words ne'er knew to differ from his heart.
 speaks his loves so artless and sincere,
 by Eliza might be pleas'd to hear.

Heaven only to the *Rural State* bestows
 sweet o'er life, and freedom from its woes;
 alike from envy, and from care,
 rais'd by hope, nor yet depress'd by fear;
 Want's lean hand its happiness constrains,
 riches vexes with ill-gotten gains.
 secret guilt its stedfast peace destroys,
 wild ambition interrupts its joys.
 still to spend the hours that Heav'n has lent,
 in humble goodness, and in calm content.
 gently gentle, as the thoughts that roll,
 and pure in fair *Humeia's* Soul.

Now the *Rural State* these joys has lost,
 Swains no more that innocence can boast.
 speaks no more what beauty may believe,
 to betray, and practis'd to deceive.
 Happiness forsakes her blest retreat,
 peaceful dwellings where she fixt her seat,
 pleasing fields she wont of old to grace,
 union to an upright, sober race;
 on the sunny hill or verdant plain,
 and familiar with the sons of men,
 crown the pleasures of the blameless feast,
 invited came a welcome guest:
 at an age, grown rich in impious arts,
 from their innocence, incautious hearts,
 prudging hate, and sinful pride succeed,
 revenge, and false unrighteous deed;
 dowdless Beauty lost the pow'r to move;
 of lucre stain'd the gold of love.
 gracious no more, and hospitably good,
 social hearth first blush'd with stranger's blood.
 and no more upon the friend relies,
 obtrusive Falshood puts on Truth's disguise.

The peaceful household fill'd with dire alarms,
 The ravish'd virgin mourns her slighted charms;
 The voice of impious mirth is heard around;
 In guilt they feast, in guilt the bowl is crown'd.
 Unpunish'd violence lords it o'er the plains,
 And *Happiness* forsakes the guilty Swains.

Oh *Happiness*! from human search retir'd,
 Where art thou to be found, by all desir'd?
 Nun sober and devout, why art thou fled!
 To hide in shades thy meek contented head?
 Virgin of aspect mild! ah why unkind,
 Fly'st thou displeas'd the commerce of mankind?
 O! teach our steps to find the secret cell,
 Where with thy Sire *CONTENT* thou lov'st to dwell
 Or say, dost thou a duteous handmaid wait
 Familiar, at the chambers of the great?
 Dost thou pursue the voice of them that call
 To noisy revel, and to midnight ball?
 On the full banquet when we feast our soul,
 Dost thou inspire the mirth, or mix the bowl?
 Or with the industrious planter dost thou talk,
 Conversing freely in an evening-walk?
 Say, does the Miser e'er thy face behold,
 Watchful and studious of the treasur'd gold?
 Seeks *Knowledge*, not in vain, thy much-lov'd pow'r,
 Still musing silent at the morning-hour?
 May we thy presence hope in war's alarms,
 The Statesman's wisdom, or the Fair-one's charms?

In vain our flattering hopes our steps beguile,
 The flying good eludes the searcher's toil:
 In vain we seek the city or the cell;
 Alone with Virtue knows the Pow'r to dwell.
 Nor need mankind despair these joys to know,
 The gift themselves may on themselves bestow.
 Soon, soon we might the precious blessing boast;
 But many passions must the blessing cost;
 Infernal malice, inly pining hate,
 And envy grieving at another's state.

rage no more must in our hearts remain,
 burning lust, or avarice of gain.
 these are in the human bosom nurst,
 Peace reside in dwellings so accurst?
 O EGLINTOUN! thy happy breast,
 and serene, enjoys the heavenly guest;
 the tumultuous rule of passions freed,
 in thy thought, and spotless in thy deed.
 virtues rich, in goodness unconfin'd,
 thin'st a fair example to thy kind;
 and equal to thy neighbour's fame,
 swift to praise, how obstinate to blame?
 in thy presence bashful *Sense* appears,
 backward *Merit* loses all its fears.
 timely blest by Heav'n, Heav'n's richest grace
 is thine an early blooming race,
 pleasant smiles shall Guardian Wisdom arm,
 Instruction! taught of thee to charm.
 transports shall they to thy soul impart!
 conscious transports of a Parent's heart.)
 thou beholds them of each grace possess,
 sighing youths imploring to be blest,
 thy Image form'd, with charms like thine,
 the visit, or the dance to shine.
 happy! who succeed their mothers praise,
 lovely EGLINTOUNS of other days.

while peruse the following tender Scenes,
 then to thy native Poet's Strains.
 garb the home-bred Muse appears,
 our Muses wore in former years.
 a glass reflected, here behold
 smiling Goodness look'd in days of old.
 blush to read where Beauty's praise is shown,
 virtuous love, the likeness of thy own;
 amidst the various gifts that gracious Heav'n,
 ous to thee, with righteous hand has given;
 O EGLINTOUN, delight thee most,
 py that *Innocence* the World has lost.

W. H.

The PERSONS.

MEN.

Sir WILLIAM WORTHY.

PATIE, *the Gentle Shepherd, in love with Peggy.*

ROGER, *a rich young Shepherd, in love with Jenny.*

SYMON, }
GLAUD, } *two old Shepherds, Tenants to Sir William*

BAULDY, *a Hynd engaged with Neps.*

WOMEN.

PEGGY, *thought to be Glaud's Neice.*

JENNY, *Glaud's only Daughter.*

MAUSE, *an old Woman, supposed to be a Witch.*

ELSPA, *Symon's Wife.*

MADGE, *Glaud's Sister.*

SCENE, *a Shepherd's Village and Fields some few
from Edinburgh.*

Time of Action, *within twenty-four Hours.*



THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Beneath the south-side of a craigy bield,
Where chrystal springs the hale some waters yield,
Twa youthful Shepherds on the gowans lay,
Teating their Flocks ae bonny morn of May.
Poor ROGER granes till hollow ecchoes ring,
But blyther PATIE likes to laugh and sing.

PATIE and ROGER.

PATIE.

SANG I. The waking of the Faulds.

My Peggy is a young thing,
Just enter'd in her teens,
As the day, and sweet as May,
As the day, and always gay.
My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld,
As well I like to meet her at
The waking of the Fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
Whene'er we meet alane,
With nae mair, to lay my Care,
With nae mair, of a' that's rare.
My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld:
She gars a' my spirits glow
At waking of the Fauld.

*My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
 Whene'er I whisper love,
 That I look down on a' the town,
 That I look down upon a crown.*

*My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
 It makes me blyth and bauld;
 And naething gi'es me sic delight,
 As waking of the Fauld.*

*My Peggy sings sae saftly,
 When on my pipe I play;
 By a' the rest, it is confest,
 By a' the rest, that she sings best.
 My Peggy sings sae saftly,
 And in her sangs are tald,
 With innocence the wale of Sense,
 At waking of the Fauld.*

THIS sunny morning, Roger, cheers my blood,
 And puts all nature in a jovial mood.
 hartsome is't to see the rising plants,
 hear the birds chirm o'er their pleasing rants!
 halefome is't to snuff the cawler air,
 all the sweets it bears, when void of care!
 tails thee, Roger, then? what gars thee grane?
 me the cause of thy ill-season'd pain.

ROGER.
 born, O Patie! to a thrawart fate;
 born to strive with hardships sad and great.
 self may cease to jaw the rowand flood,
 es and tods to grein for lambkin's blood:
 opprest with never-ending grief,
 ay despair of lighting on relief.

PATIE.
 bees shall loath the flow'r, and quit the hive,
 laughs on boggy ground shall cease to thrive,
 rnfal queans, or loss of warldly gear,
 spill my rest, or ever force a tear.

ROGER.
 might I say; but it's no easy done
 e whafe faul's fae sadly out of tune.
 ve fae fast a voice, and slid a tongue,
 e the darling of baith auld and young.
 ettle at a sang, or speak,
 at their lugs, seyne up their leglens cleek.
 me hameward frae the loan or bught,
 I'm confus'd with mony a vexing thought.
 m tall, and as well built as thee,
 r unlikely to a lafs's eye.
 sheep ye have, I'll number ten,
 old, as ane may think, come farct ben.

PATIE.

But ablins, nibour, ye have not a heart,
And downa eithly with your cunzie part.
If that be true, what signifies your gear?
A mind that's scrimpt never wants some care.

ROGER.

My byar tumbled, nine braw nout were smoor'd,
Three elf-shot were, yet I these ills endur'd:
In winter last my cares were very sma',
Though scores of wathers perish'd in the snaw.

PATIE.

Were your bein rooms as thinly stock'd as mine,
Lefs you wad los, and lefs ye wad repine.
He that has just enough, can soundly sleep,
The o'ercome only fashes fowk to keep.

ROGER.

May plenty flow upon thee for a cross,
That thou mayst thole the pangs of mony a los.
O mayst thou doat on some fair paughty wench,
That ne'er will lowt thy lowand drouth to quench
Till, bris'd beneath the burden, thou cry dool,
And awn that ane may fret that is nae fool.

PATIE.

Sax good fat lambs, I fald them ilka clut
At the West-port, and bought a windsome flute,
Of plum-tree made, with iv'ry virles round,
A dainty whistle with a pleasant sound:
I'll be mair canty wi't, and ne'er cry dool,
Than you with all your cash, ye dowie fool.

ROGER.

Na, Patie, na! I'm nae sic churlish beast,
Some other thing lies heavier at my breast.
I dream'd a dreary dream this hinder night,
That gars my flesh a' creep yet with the fright.

PATIE.

Now to a friend, how silly's this pretence,
 oane wha you and a' your secrets kens!
 If are your dreams, as daftly wad you hide
 your well seen love, and dorty Jenny's pride.
 Tak courage, Roger, me your sorrows tell,
 and safely think nane kens them but your sell.

ROGER.

Indeed now, Patie, ye have guess'd o'er true,
 and there is naithing I'll keep up frae you.
 Dorty Jenny looks upon a squint;
 speak but till her I dare hardly mint.
 Ilka placè she jeers me air and late,
 and gars me look bombaz'd and unco blate.
 Yesterday I met her 'yont a know;
 fied as frae a shelly-coated kow;
 Bauldy loes, Bauldy that drives the car;
 gecks at me, and says I smell of tar.

PATIE.

at Bauldy loes not her, right well I wat;
 sighs for Neps:——Sae that may stand for that.

ROGER.

with I cou'dna loe her:——but in vain;
 I maun doat, and thole her proud disdain.
 Bawty is a cur I dearly like;
 while he faun'd, she strake the poor dumb tike:
 had fill'd a nook within her breast,
 wad have shawn mair kindness to my beast.
 I begin to tune my stock and horn,
 a' her face she shaws a caulrif scorn.
 might I play'd, (ye never heard sic spite)
 Bogie was the spring, and her delite;
 countingly she at her cousin speer'd,
 sic could tell what tune I play'd, and sneer'd.

Flocks, wander where ye like ; I dinna care :
I'll break my reed, and never whistle mair.

PATIE.

E'en do fae, Roger ; wha can help misluck,
Saebins she be sic a thrawn gabbet chuck ?
Yonder's a craig ; since ye have tint all hope,
Gae til't your ways, and take the lover's sloup.

ROGER.

I need na mak sic speed my blood to spill ;
I'll warrant death come soon enough a-will.

PATIE.

Daft gowk ! leave aff that silly whinging way :
Seem careless, there's my hand ye'll win the day.
Hear how I serv'd my las I love as well
As ye do Jenny, and with heart as leel.
Last morning I was gay and early out,
Upon a dyk I lean'd, glowring about,
I saw my Meg come linking o'er the lee :
I saw my Meg, but Meggy saw na me ;
For yet the fun was wading through the mist,
And she was closs upon me e'er she wist.
Her coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw
Her streight bare legs that whyter were than snaw ;
Her cockernony snooded up fou sleek,
Her haffet-locks hang waving on her cheek ;
Her cheek fae ruddy and her een fae clear ;
And O ! her mouth's like ony hinny-pear.
Neat, neat she was, in buffing waste-coat clean,
As she came skiffing o'er the dewy green.
Blythsome I cry'd, my bonny Meg, come here ;
I serly wherefore ye're fae soon afeer :
But I can guess ; ye're gawn to gather dew.
She scowr'd away and said, what's that to you ?

then fare ye well, Meg-dorts, and e'en's ye like;
 careles cry'd, and lap in o'er the dyke.
 now, when that she saw, within a crack,
 came wi' a right thievles errand back;
 she'd me first, — then bad me hound my dog
 wear up three waff ews stray'd on the bog.
 ough, and sae did she; then with great haste
 slip'd my arms about her neck and waste,
 out her yielding waste, and took a fouth.
 sweetest kisses frae her glowand mouth.
 le hard and fast I held her in my grips,
 very faul came louping to my lips:
 fair she flet wi' me 'tween ilka smack;
 well I kend she meant nae as she spake.

SANG II. Fy gar rub her o'er with strae.

Dear Roger, if your Jenny geck,
 And answer kindness with a slight,
 Seem unconcern'd at her neglect,
 For women in a man delight:
 But them despise who're soon defeat;
 And with a simple face give way
 To a repulse — then be not blate,
 Push bauldly on, and win the day.
 When maidens, innocently young,
 Say aften what they never mean;
 Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,
 But tent the language of their een:
 If these agree, and she persist
 To answer all your love with hate,
 Seek elsewhere to be better blest,
 And let her sigh when it's too late.

ROGER.

Patie, now fair fa' your honest heart,
 My sae cadgy, and have sic an art.

B 3.

To harden ane: For now as clean's a leek,
 Ye've cherish'd me since ye began to speak.
 Sae, for your pains, I'll make you a propine,
 My mother (*rest her saul*) she made it fine,
 A tartan plaid, spun of good haddock woo,
 Scarlet and green the sets, the borders blue,
 With sprains like goud, and siller cross'd with black;
 I never had it yet upon my back.
 Well are ye wordy o't, wha have sae kind
 Red up my ravel'd doubts, and clear'd my mind.

PATIE.

Well, hald ye there:—And since ye've frankly
 A present to me of your braw new plaid,
 My flute's be yours; and she too that's sae nice
 Shall come a-will, gif ye'll tak my advice.

ROGER.

As ye advise, I'll promise to observe't;
 But ye maun keep the flute, ye best deserve't.
 Now tak it out, and gie's a bonny spring;
 For I'm in tist to hear you play and sing.

PATIE.

But first we'll tak a turn up to the hight,
 And see gif all our flocks be feeding right.
 Be that time, bannocks, and a shave of cheese,
 Will make a breakfast that a laird might please,
 Might please the daintiest gabs, were they sae wise,
 To season meat with health instead of spice.
 When we have taen the grace drink at this well,
 I'll whistle fine, and sing t'ye like mysell.

ACT I. SCENE II.

flow'ry bowm between twa verdant braes,
 there lasses use to wash and spread their claiiths,
 brattling burnie wimpling thro' the ground,
 channel pebbles, shining, smooth and round,
 we view twa barefoot beauties clean and clear;
 please your eye, next gratify your ear,
 JENNY what she wishes discommends,
 MEG with better sense true love defends.

PEGGY and JENNY.

COME, Meg, let's fa' to wark upon this green;
 The shining day will bleech our linnen clean;
 The water's clear, the list unclouded blue,
 Will make them like a lilly wet with dew.

PEGGY.

So farer up the burn to Habbie's-how,
 there a' the sweets of spring and summer grow;
 Green twa birks out o'er a little lin,
 Water fa's, and makes a singand din;
 Cool breast-deep beneath, as clear as glafs,
 With easy whirles the bordring grafs:
 End our washing while the morning's cool,
 When the day grows het, we'll to the pool,
 Wash our fells.—'Tis healthfou now in May,
 Sweetly cauler on so warm a day.

JENNY.

Oh lassie, when we're naked, what'll ye say
 Our twa herds come brattling down the brae,
 See us sae? that jeering fallow-Pate
 Taunting say, Haith, lasses, ye're no blate.

PEGGY.

We're far frae ony rood, and out of sight;
 The lads they're feeding far beyont the hight;
 But tell me now, dear Jenny, (we're our lane)
 What gars ye plague your wooer with disdain?
 The neighbours a' tent this as well as I,
 That Roger loes you, yet ye care na by.
 What ails ye at him? troth between us twa,
 He's wordy you the best day e'er you saw.

JENNY.

I dinna like him, Peggy; there's an end:
 A herd mair sheepish yet I never ken'd.
 He kames his hair indeed, and gaes right saug,
 With ribbon knots at his blew bonnet-lug,
 Whilk pensily he wears a thought a jee,
 And spreads his garters dic'd beneath his knee:
 He faulds his owrlay down his breast with care,
 And few gangs trigger to the kirk or fair.
 For a' that, he can neither sing nor say,
 Except, *How di'ye?* ——— or, *There's a bonny day.*

PEGGY.

Ye dash the lad with constant slighting pride;
 Hatred for love is unco-fare to bide:
 But ye'll repent ye, if his love grow cauld!
 Wha likes a dorty maiden when she's auld?

SANG III. Polwart on the green.

*The dorty will repent;**If lover's heart grow cauld,**And nane her smiles will tent,**Soon as her face looks auld:**The dauted bairn thus takes the pet,**Nor eats tho' hunger crave,**Whimpers and tarrows at his meat.*

And's laught at by the lave.

They jest it till the dinner's past,

Thus by itself abus'd,

The fool thing is oblig'd to fast,

Or eat what they've refus'd.

Jenny, think, and dinna sit your time.

JENNY.

Never thought a single life a crime.

PEGGY.

I:—but love in whispers lets us ken,

men were made for us, and we for men.

JENNY.

Longer is my jo, he kens him sell;

a tale I ne'er heard him tell.

Woes and sighs, and I can guess the cause;

ha's oblig'd to spell his hums and haws?

er he likes to tell his mind mair plain,

him frankly ne'er to do't again.

e fools that slav'ry like, and may be free;

els may a' knit up themselves for me.

PEGGY.

ing your ways, for me I have a mind

yielding as my Patie's kind.

JENNY.

Is! how can ye loo that rattle-scall,

eil that ay maun hae his will?

on hear tell what a poor fighting life

will lead fae soon's ye're man and wife.

ACT IV. O dear mother what shall I do.

Dear Peggy love's beguiling,

We ought not to trust his smiling,

etter far to do as I do,

Lest a harder luck betyde you.

PEGGY.

We're far frae ony rood, and out of sight;
 The lads they're feeding far beyont the hight:
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Ne'er he likes to tell his mind mair plain,
Till him frankly ne'er to do't again.
For fools that slav'ry like, and may be free;
Which may a' knit up themselves for me.

PEGGY.

Doing your ways, for me I have a mind
As yielding as my Patie's kind.

JENNY.

Oh lass! how can ye loo that rattle-scall,
My deil that ay maun hae his will?
Will soon hear tell what a poor fighting life
Will lead sae soon's ye're man and wife.

SANG IV. O dear mother what shall I do.

*O dear Peggy love's beguiling,
We ought not to trust his smiling,
Better far to do as I do,
Lest a harder luck betyde you.*

*Lasses when their fancy's carried,
Think of nought but to be married;
Running to a life destroys
Heartsome, free, and youthfu' joys.*

PEGGY.

I'll rin the risk, nor have I ony fear,
But rather think ilk langsome day a year,
Till I, with pleasure mount my bridal bed,
Where on my Patie's breast I'll lean my head.
There we may kifs, as lang as kissing's good,
And what we do there's nane dare call it rude,
He's get his will: why no? 'tis good my part
To give him that, and he'll give me his heart.

JENNY.

He may indeed for ten or fifteen days
Mak meikle o'ye, with an unco fraise,
And daut you baith afore fouk, and your lane:
But soon as his newfangleness is gane,
He'll look upon you as his tether-stake,
And think he's tint his freedom for your sake.
Instead then of lang days of sweet delyte,
Ae day be dumb, and a' the neist he'll flyte:
And may be in his barlik hoods ne'er stick
To lend his loving wife a loundering lick.

PEGGY.

Sic course-spun thoughts as thae want pith to
My settled mind, I'm o'er far gane in love.
Patie to me is dearer than my breath,
But want of him I dread no ither skaith.
There's nane of a' the *herds* that trade the green
Has sic a smile, or sic twa glancing een.
And then he speaks with sic a taking art,
His words they thirle like musick through my heart
How blythly can he sport, and gently rave,

at feckless fears that fright the lave.
 that he's alane upon the hill,
 sells books that teach him meikle skill.
 —But what need I say that or this?
 and a month to tell you what he is!
 e says or does, there's sic a gate,
 seem coofs, compar'd with my dear Pate.
 er sense will lang his love secure:
 ere hefts in fauls that's weak and poor.

JENNY.

bonny lass of Branksome, or't be lang,
 witty Pate will put you in a sang.
 pleasant thing to be a bride;
 hindging gets about your ingle-side,
 for this or that with fasheous din;
 them brats then ye maun toil and spin.
 na's sick, ane scads itself wi' broe,
 eaks his shin, anither tines his shoe.
 al gae o'er *Jock Wabster*: hame grows hell,
 Pate miscaws ye war than tongue can tell.

PEGGY.

NG V. How can I be sad on my wedding-day.

*How shall I be sad when a husband I hae
 that has better sense than any of thae?
 our weak silly fellows, that study like fools
 sink their ain joy, and make their wives snools.
 the man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife,
 with dull reproaches encourages strife;
 e praises her virtues, and ne'er will abuse
 er for a small failing, but find an excuse.
 'tis a hartsome thing to be a wife,
 round the ingle-edge young sprouts are rife.
 eae happy, I shall have delight
 in their little plaints, and keep them right.*

Wow Jenny! can there greater pleasure be,
 Than see sic wee tots toolying at your knee;
 When a' they cttle at, — their greatest wish,
 Is to be made of, and obtain a kifs?
 Can there be toil in tending day and night
 The like of them, when love makes care delight!

JENNY.

But poortith, Peggy, is the warst of a':
 Gif o'er your heads ill chance should beggary dre
 But little love, or canty chear can come
 Frae duddy doublets, and a pantry toom.
 Your nowt may die; — the spate may bear aw
 Frae of the howms your dainty rucks of hay; —
 The thick blawn wreaths of snaw, or blashy tho
 May smoor your wathers, and may rot your ew
 A dyvour buys your butter, woo and cheese,
 But, or the day of payment, breaks and flees:
 With glooman brow the Laird seeks in his rent:
 It's no to gie, your merchant's to the bent:
 His Honour manna want, he poinds your gear:
 Syne driven frae house and hald, where will ye
 Dear Meg, be wise, and live a single life:
 Troth 'tis nae mows to be a married wife.

PEGGY.

May sic ill luck befa' that silly she
 Wha has sic fears, for that was never me.
 Let fouk bode well, and strive to do their best;
 Nae mair's requir'd, let heav'n make out the rest.
 I've heard my honest uncle aften say,
 That lads show'd a' for wives that's virtuous pay
 For the maist thrifty man could never get
 A well stor'd room, unless his wife would let.
 Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my part
 To gather wealth to raise my shepherd's heart.

}

e'er he wins, I'll guide with canny care
 in the vogue at market, trone or fair,
 wholesome, clean, cheap and sufficient ware.
 of lambs, cheese, butter, and some woo,
 will be said to pay the Laird his due;
 behind's our ain. — Thus without fear,
 love and routh we throw the world will steer.
 when my Pate in bairns and gear grows rise,
 less the day he gat me for his wife.

JENNY.

what if some young giglet on the green,
 dimpled cheeks, and twa bewitching een,
 gar your Patie think his half-worn Meg,
 her kind kisses hardly worth a feg.

PEGGY.

main of that. — Dear Jenny, to be free,
 some men constanter in love than we.
 the ferly great, when nature kind,
 set them with solidity of mind.
 reason calmly, and with kindness smile,
 our short passions wad our peace beguile.
 ensoe'er they flight their maiks at hame,
 to ane the wives are maist to blame.
 I'll employ with pleasure a' my art
 to keep him chearfu', and secure his heart.
 when he comes weary frae the hill,
 we a' things made ready to his will.
 when he toils through wind and rain;
 a ingle and a clean hearth-stane:
 when as he flings by his plaid and staff,
 something pot's be ready to take aff,
 bag-a-bag I'll spread upon his board,
 we him with the best we can afford.

Good humour, and white bigonets shall be
Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.

JENNY.

A dish of married love right soon grows cauld,
And dozens down to nane as fowk grow auld.

PEGGY.

But we'll grow auld together, and ne'er find
The loss of youth, when love grows on the mind.
Bairns and their bairns make sure a firmer tye,
Than ought in love the like of us can spy.
See yon twa elms that grow up side by side,
Suppose them some years syne bridegroom and bride,
Nearer and nearer ilka year they've prest,
Till wide their spreading branches are increast,
And in their mixture now are fully blest.
This shields the other frae the eastlen blast,
That in return defends it frae the wast.
Sic as stand single,—— (a state sae lik'd by you!)
Beneath ilk storm frae ev'ry airth maun bow.

JENNY.

I've done,—— I yield; dear lassie, I maun yield;
Your better sense has fairly won the field,
With the assistance of a little fae
Lyes darn'd within my breast this mony a day.

SANG VI. Nanfy's to the greenwood gate.

*I yield dear lassie, you have won,
And there is nae denying,
That sure as light flows frae the sun
Frae love proceeds complying.
For a' that we can do or say
'Gainst love, nae thinker beeds us,
They ken our bosoms lodge the fae
That by the heart-strings leads us.*

PEGGY.

Alake! poor pris'ner! Jenny, that's no fair,
 that ye'll not let the wee thing tak the air:
 let him out, we'll tent as weel's we can,
 he be Bauldy's or poor Roger's man.

JENNY.

Another time's as good; for see the sun
 right far up, and we're not yet begun
 breath the greath;—if cankar'd Maudge our aunt
 come up the burn, she'll gie's a wicked rant.
 when we've done, I'll tell ye a' my mind,
 if this seems true,—Nae lafs can be unkind.

Exeunt

End of the first Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

*Along thick house, before the door a green;
 on the midding, ducks in dubs are seen:
 this side stands a barn, on that a byar;
 post-flack joins, and forms a rural squair.
 the house is Glaud's;—there you may see him lean,
 and to his divet-seat invite his friend.*

GLAUD and SYMON.

GLAUD.

Good-morrow, nibour Symon;—come sit down,
 And gie's your cracks.—What's a' the news in town?
 They tell me ye was in the ither day,
 and said your Crummock and her bassen'd quey.
 I'll warrant you've coft a pound of cut and dry;
 lay out your box, and gie's a pipe to try.

SYMON.

With a' my heart:—And, tent me now, auld boy,
 we gather'd news will kittle your heart with joy.

I cou'dna rest till I came o'er the burn,
 To tell you things have taken sic a turn,
 Will gar our vile oppressors stend like flaes,
 And skulk in hidlings on the heather braes.

GLAUD.

Fy blaw!—Ah Symmie! rattling chieles ne'er stand
 To cleck and spread the grosest lies aff-hand;
 Whilk soon flies round, like will-fire, far and near:
 But loose your pock, be't true or fause let's hear.

SYMON.

Seeing's believing, Glaud, and I have seen
Hab, that abroad has with our *Master* been,
 Our brave good *Master*, wha right wisely fled,
 And left a fair estate to save his head,
 Because ye ken fou weel he bravely chose
 To stand his Liege's friend with great MONTROSE.
 Now CROMWELL's gane to *Nick*; and ane ca'd *Mont*
 Has play'd the *Rumple* a right ssee begunk,
 Restor'd King CHARLES; and ilka thing's in tune,
 And *Habby* says we'll see Sir WILLIAM soon.

SANG VII. Could kale in Aberdeen.

Could be the rebels cast,

Oppressors base and bloody;

I hope we'll see them at the last

Strung a' up in a woody.

Blest be he of worth and sense,

And ever high in station,

That bravely stands in the defence

Of conscience, King, and nation.

GLAUD.

That makes me blyth indeed: But dinna slaw;
 Tell o'er your news again! and swear till't a'.
 And saw ye *Hab*? and what did *Halbert* say?
 They have been e'en a dreary time away.

GOD be thanked that our Laird's come hame.
his estate, say, can he eithly claim?

SYMON.

They that hag-raid us till our guts did grane,
greedy bairs, dare nae mair do't again,
good Sir WILLIAM shall enjoy his ain.

GLAUD.

And may he lang; for never did he stent
our thriving with a racket rent,
grumbl'd if ane grew rich, or shor'd to raise
mailins when we pat on Sunday's claihs.

SYMON.

Nor wad he lang, with senseless faucy air,
our lyart noddles to be bare.
at on your bonnet, Symon;—tak a seat—
How's all at hame?—How's Elspa? how does Kate?
How sells black cattle?—What gi's woo this year?—
He like kindly questions wad he spear.

SANG VIII. Mucking of Geordy's byar.

*The Laird who in riches and honour
Wad thrive, should be kindly and free,
Ner rack the poor tenants, who labour
To rise aboon poverty:
Else like the pack horse that's unfother'd
And burden'd will tumble down faint;
Thus virtue by hardship is smother'd,
And rackers aft tine their rent.*

GLAUD.

Then wad he gar his butler bring bedeen,
nappy bottle ben, and glassies clean;
lik in our breast rais'd sic a blythsome flame,
part me mony a time gae dancing hame.
heart's e'en rais'd!—Dear nibour will ye stay,
tak your dinner here with me the day?

We'll send for Elspa too;—and upo' sight,
 I'll whistle Pate and Roger frae the hight.
 I'll yoke my sled, and send to the neist town,
 And bring a draught of ale baith stout and brown,
 And gar our cotters a', man, wife, and wean,
 Drink till they tyne the gate to stand their lane.

SYMON.

I wadna bauk my friend his blyth design,
 Gif that it hadna first of a' been mine:
 For heer-yestreen I brew'd a bow of maut,
 Yestreen I slew twa wathers prime and fat;
 A furlet of good cakes my Elspa beuk,
 And a large ham hings reesting in the nook,
 I saw my fell, or I came o'er the loan,
 Our meikle pot that scads the why put on,
 A mutton-bouk tō boil;—and ane we'll rost;
 And on the haggies Elspa spares nae cost.
 Small are they shorn; and she can mix fou nice
 The gusty ingans with a curn of spice.
 Fat are the puddings,—heads and feet well sung;
 And we've invited nibours auld and young,
 To pass this afternoon with glee and game,
 And drink our Master's health and welcome hame.
 Ye manna then refuse to join the rest,
 Since ye're my nearest friend that I like best.
 Bring wi' ye all your family and then,
 Whene'er you please, I'll rant wi' you again.

GLAUD.

Spoke like your fell, Auld-birky; never fear
 But at your banquet I shall first appear:
 Faith we shall bend the bicker and look bauld,
 Till we forget that we are fail'd or auld.
 Auld, said I! Troth I'm younger be a score
 With your good news than what I was before.

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 31

ance or e'en! Hey, Madge, come forth, d'ye hear?

Enter MADGE.

MADGE.

The man's gane gyte! Dear Symon welcome here.

Wad ye, Glaud, with a' this haste and din?

Ever let a body sit to spin.

GLAUD.

Snuff!—Gae break your wheel, and burn your tow,

Let the meiklest peet-stack in a low;

Dance about the bane-fire till ye die,

Now again we'll soon Sir WILLIAM see.

MADGE.

With news indeed!—And wha was't tald you o't?

GLAUD.

That's that t'you?—Gae get my *Sunday's* coat;

Put out the whitest of my bobit bands,

White-skin hose, and mittans for my hands;

Frae their washing, cry the bairns in haste,

Make ye'r fells as trig, head, feet and waist,

Were a' to get young lads or e'en;

We're gaun o'er to dine with Sym bedeen.

SYMON.

Honest Madge, and, Glaud, I'll o'er the gate,

See that a' be done as I wad hae't.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE II.

The open field, a cottage in a glen,

An auld wife spinning at the sunny end —

At a small distance, by a blasted tree,

With folded arms, and haff-rais'd looks ye see.

BAULDY *his lane.*

Har's this! I canna bear't! 'Tis war than hell?

To be sae burnt with love, yet darna tell!

O PEGGY! sweeter than the dawning day,
 Sweeter than gowany glens, or new-mawn hay:
 Blyther than lambs that frisk out o'er the knowe,
 Straighter than ought that in the forrest grows,
 Her een the clearest blob of dew outshines;
 The lilly in her breast its beauty tines.
 Her legs, her arms, her cheeks, her mouth, her een,
 Will be my dead, that will be shortly seen!
 For Pate loes her,—waes me, and she loes Pate,
 And I with Neps, by some unlucky fate
 Made a daft vow!——O but ane be a beast,
 That makes rash aiths till he's afore the priest.
 I darna speak my mind, else a' the three,
 But doubt, wad prove ilk ane my Enemy,
 'Tis fare to thole,——I'll try some witchcraft an,
 To break with ane, and win the other's heart.
 Here Mauzy lives, a witch that for sma' price,
 Can cast her cantraips, and give me advice.
 She can o'ercaft the night, and cloud the moon,
 And mak the deils obedient to her crune.
 At midnight hours, o'er the kirk-yard she raves,
 And howks unchristen'd weans out of their graves;
 Boils up their livers in a warlock's pow,
 Rins witherskins about the hemlock low:
 And seven times does her prayers backward pray,
 Till Plotcock comes with lumps of Lapland clay,
 Mixt with the venom of black taid and snakes.
 Of this, unsonsy pictures aft she makes
 Of ony ane she hates;——and gars expire,
 With flaw and racking pains afore a fire;
 Stuck fou of prines, the divlish pictures melt,
 The pain by fowk they represent is felt.
 And yonder's Maufe: Ay, ay, she kens fou weil,
 When ane like me comes running to the deil.

her cat sit beeking in her yeard,
 mak my errand, faith, amaisht I'm fear'd :
 maun do't, tho' I should never thrive,
 gallop fast that deils and lasses drive. [Excunt.

ACT II. SCENE III.

A green kail-yard, a little font,
 Where water popland springs,
 There sits a wife with wrinkled front,
 And yet she spins and sings.

MAUSE.

SANG IX. Carle and the King come.

Peggy, now the King's come,

Peggy, now the King's come,

Thou may dance and I shall sing,

Peggy, since the King's come.

Nae mair the hawkies shalt thou milk,

But change thy plaiding-coat for silk,

And be a lady of that ilk,

Now, Peggy, since the King's come.

Enter BAULDY.

BAULDY.

OW does auld honest lucky of the glen?

Ye look baith hale and fere at threescore ten.

MAUSE.

twining out a threed with little din,

seeking my cauld limbs afore the sun.

brings my bairn this gate sae air at morn?

nae muck to lead?—to thresh, nae corn?

BAULDY.

ugh of baith;—but something that requires

helping hand imployes now all my cares.

MAUSE.

My helping hand, alake! what can I do,
That underneath baith eild and poortith bow?

BAULDY.

Ay, but you're wise, and wiser far than we,
Or maist part of the perish tells a lie.

MAUSE.

Of what kind wisdom think ye I'm posses't,
That lifts my character aboon the rest?

BAULDY.

The word that gangs, how ye're sae wise and
Ye'll may be tak it ill gif I foud tell.

MAUSE.

What fowk says of me, Bauldy, let me hear;
Keep naithing up, ye naithing have to fear.

BAULDY.

Well, since ye bid me, I shall tell ye a'
That ilk ane talks about you but a flaw.
When last the wind made Glaud a roofless barn,
When last the burn bore down my mither's yare;
When Brauny elf-shot never mair came hame;
When Tibby kirk'd and there nae butter came;
When Bessy Freetock's chuffy-cheeked wean
To a fairy turn'd, and coud'na stand its lane;
When Watie wander'd ae night throw the snaw,
And tint himsell amais't among the snaw;
When Mungo's mare stood still and swat with fright;
When he brought east the howdy under night;
When Bawfy shot to dead upon the green,
And Sara tint a snood was nae mair seen;
You, Lucky, gat the wyte of a' fell out,
And ilka ane here dreads ye round about.
And sae they may that mint to do you skaith,
For me to wrang ye, I'll be very laith:

When I neist make groats, I'll strive to please
With a furlet of them mixt with pease.

MAUSE.

Ye you, lad,—now tell me your demand,
If I can, I'll lend my helping hand.

BAULDY.

I like Peggy,—Neps is fond of me——
Likes Pate;—and Patie is bauld and slee,
Sweet Meg:—But Neps I downa see—
Ye turn Patie's love to Neps, and than,
To me,—I'd be the happiest man.

MAUSE.

Try my art to gar the bouls row right,
Gang your ways, and come again at night.
At that time I'll some simple things prepare,
All your pease and grots, tak ye nae care.

BAULDY.

Mause, I'll come, gif I the road can find:
Ye raise the deil, he'll raise the wind,
Min and thunder, may be, when 'tis late,
Tak the night sae rough, I'll tine the gate.
Ye'to rant at Symie's at a feast,
Ye come like Badrans for a jest?
Where ye can our diff'rent haviours spy;
Wha name shall ken o't there but you and I.

MAUSE.

Like I may,—but let na on what's past
Between you and me, else fear a kittle cast.

BAULDY.

Thought of your secrets e'er advance,
Ye ride on me ilka night to France. [Exit Bauldy.

MAUSE her lane.

Alack, alack! when poverty and eild,
Out of fashion, and a lancelly beild,

With a small cast of wiles, should in a twich,
 Gie ane the hatefu' name, *A wrinkled Witch.*
 This fool imagines, as do mony sic,
 That I'm a Wretch in compact with *Auld Nick*;
 Because by education I was taught
 To speak and act aboon their common thought.
 Their gross mistake shall quickly now appear:
 Soon shall they ken what brought, what keeps me
 Nane kens't but me; — and if the morn were come
 I'll tell them tales will gar them a' sing dumb.

A C T II. S C E N E IV.

Behind a tree, upon the plain,

PATIE and his PEGGY meet;

In love without a vicious stain,

The bonny lass and chearfu' Swain

Change vows and kisses sweet.

PATIE and PEGGY.

PEGGY.

O *PATIE*, let me gang, I mauna stay,
 We're baith cry'd hame, and Jenny she's

PATIE.

I'm laith to part sae soon; now we're alane,
 And Roger he's away with Jenny gane:
 They're as content, for ought I hear or see,
 To be alane themselves, I judge, as weil as we.
 Here where primroses thickest paint the green,
 Hard by this little burnie let us lean.
 Hark how the lav'rocks chant aboon our heads,
 How fast the westlin winds sough throw the reeds.

PEGGY.

The scented meadows, — birds — and healthy
 For ought I ken may mair than Peggy please.

PATIE.

e wrang me fair to doubt my being kind;
 eaking sae ye ca' me dull and blind:
 I cou'd fancy ought sae sweet or fair
 my dear Meg, or worthy of my care.
 breath is sweeter than the sweetest brier:
 cheek and breast the finest flowers appear;
 words excell the maist delightfu' notes,
 warble through the merl or mavis' throtes.
 thee I tent nae flowers that busk the field,
 pest berries that our mountains yield.
 sweetest fruits that hing upon the tree,
 far inferior to a kifs of thee.

PEGGY.

Patrick for some wicked end may fleech,
 lambs should tremble when the foxes preach.
 na stay,——ye jocker, let me gang;
 her lafs may gar ye change your sang,
 thoughts may flit, and I may thole the wrang.

PATIE.

euer a mother shall her fondness drap,
 wrang the bairn sits smiling on her lap;
 sun shall change, the Moon to change shall cease;
 gaits to climb,——the sheep to yield the fleece:
 ight by me be either said or doon,
 eith our love, I swear by all aboon.

PEGGY.

en keep your aith: But mony lads will swear,
 e mansworn to twa in haf-a-year.
 I believe ye like me wonder weel;
 a fairer face your heart should steal,
 Meg, forsaken, bootless might relate
 he was dauted anes by faithless Pate.

PATIE.

e sure I canna change, ye needna fear,

D

Tho' we're but young, I've loo'd you mony a year
 I mind it weel, when thou cou'dst hardly gang,
 Or lisp out words, I choos'd you frae the thrang
 Of a' the bairns, and led thee by the hand,
 Aft to the *tanfy-know*, or *rashy-strand*.

Thou smiling by my side,——I took delyte
 To pou the rashies green, with roots fae whyte,
 Of which, as well as my young fancy cou'd,
 For thee I plet the flow'ry belt and snood.

PEGGY.

When first thou gade with shepherds to the hill
 And I to milk the ews first try'd my skill;
 To bear a leglen was nae toil to me,
 When at the bught at even I met with thee.

PATIE.

When corns grew yellow, and the heather bell
 Bloom'd bonny on the moor and rising fells;
 Nae birns, or briers, or whins e're troubled me,
 Gif I could find blae berries ripe for thee.

PEGGY.

When thou didst wrestle, run, or putt the stane,
 And wan the day, my heart was flightering fane;
 At all these sports thou still gave joy to me;
 For nane can wrestle, run, or putt with thee.

PATIE.

JENNY sings fast the *Broom of Coudenknowe*;
 And Rosie lilt the *Milking of the Ews*;
 There's nane like *Nansy Jenny Nettles* sings,
 At turns in *Maggy Lawder Marion* dings:
 But when my PEGGY sings, with sweeter skill,
 The *Boatman*, or the *Lass of Patie's mill*;
 It is a thousand times mair sweet to me:
 Tho' they sing well, they canna sing like thee.

PEGGY.

with can lassies trow what they desire?
 wus'd by them we love, blaws up that fire:
 she loves best, let time and carriage try;
 stant, and my love shall time defy.
 as now, and a' my cares shall be,
 to contrive what pleasant is for thee.

*rejoicing, with a small variation, was sung at the Afting,
 follows.*

G X. The yellow-hair'd Laddie.

Then first my dear laddie gade to the green bill,
 And I at ew-milking, first sey'd my young skill,
 To hear the milk-bowie, nae pain was to me,
 When I at the bughing forgather'd with thee.

PATIE.

When corn-rigs wav'd yellow, and blue heather bells
 Hum'd bonny on moorland and sweet rising fells,
 The biras, brier or brekens gave trouble to me,
 I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

PEGGY.

When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the stane,
 And came off the victor, my heart was ay fain:
 Thy ilka sport manly, gave pleasure to me;
 No name can putt, wrestle or run swift as thee.

PATIE.

When Jenny sings saftly the Cowden broom Knows,
 And Rosie liltis sweetly the Milking the Ews;
 There's few Jenny Nettles like Nansy can sing,
 And Throw the Wood Laddie, Bes's gars our lugs ring:
 But when my dear Peggy sings with better skill
 The Boatman, Tweed-side, or the Lads of the Mill,
 In many times sweeter and pleasant to me;
 For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.

PEGGY.

*How easy can lasses trow what they desire;
And praises sae kindly increas'es love's fire;
Give me still this pleasure, my study shall be
To make myself better and sweeter for thee.*

PATIE.

Wert thou a giglet gawky like the lave,
That little better than our nowt behave:
At ought they'll ferly — senseless tales believe;
Be blyth for filly heights, for trifles grieve; —
Sic ne'er cou'd win my heart, that kenna how
Either to keep a prize, or yet prove true.
But thou in better sense without a flaw,
As in thy beauty far excells them a'.
Continue kind, and a' my care shall be,
How to contrive what pleasing is for thee.

PEGGY.

Agreed; — but harken, yon's auld aunty's cry:
I ken they'll wonder what can make us stay.

PATIE.

And let them ferly, now a kindly kifs,
Or five score good anes wad not be a-mifs;
And syne we'll sing the sang with tuncfu' gles,
That I made up last owk on you and me.

PEGGY.

Sing first, syne claim your hire. —

PATIE.

———— Well, I agree.

SANG XI. PATIE sings.

*By the delicious warmth of thy mouth,
And rowing eye that smiling tells the truth,
I guess, my Lassie, that as well as I,
You're made for love, and why should ye deny?*

PEGGY sings.

But ken ye, Lad, gif we confess o'er soon,
 We think us cheap, and syne the wooing's done?
 The maiden that o'er quickly tines her power,
 Like unripe fruit will taste but hard and sour.

PATIE sings.

But gin they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
 Their sweetness they may tine, and sae may ye.
 Had cheeked you compleatly ripe appear,
 And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang half-year.

PEGGY singing falls into Patie's arms.

Then dinna pou me, gently thus I fa'
 Into my Patie's arms for good and a' :
 And flint your wishes to this kind embrace,
 And mint nae farther till we've got the grace.

PATIE with his left hand about her waist.

O charming armfu' ! hence, ye cares, away :
 Kiss my treasure all the live-lang day ;
 To night, I'll dream my kisses o'er again,
 Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

Sung by both.

Sae, gallop down the westlin skies,
 Gang soon to bed, and quickly rise ;
 O ! lash your steeds, post time away,
 And haste about our bridal day :
 And if ye're wearied, honest light,
 Sleep gin ye like a week that night.

[End of the second Act.]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Now turn your eyes beyond yon spreading Lym,
And tent a man whose beard seems bleach'd with time.
An elwand fills his hand, his habit mean;
Nae doubt ye'll think he has a pedlar been:
But whisht! it is the Knight in masquerade,
That comes hid in this cloud to see his lad.
Observe how pleas'd the loyal sufferer moves
Throw his auld av'news, ane's delightfu' groves.

Sir WILLIAM solus.

THE Gentleman thus hid in low disguise,
 I'll for a space, unknown delight mine eyes
 With a full view of every fertile plain,
 Which once I lost, ——— which now are mine again
 Yet 'midst my joys, some prospects pain renew,
 Whilst I my once fair seat in ruins view.
 Yonder, ah me! it desolately stands
 Without a roof; the gates fall'n from their bands;
 The casements all broke down, no chimney left,
 The naked walls of tap'stry all bereft.
 My stables and pavilions, broken walls!
 That with each rainy blast decaying falls.
 My gardens once adorn'd, the most complete,
 With all that nature, all that art makes sweet:
 Where round the figur'd green and pebble walks
 The dewy flowers hang nodding on their stalks:
 But over-grown with nettles, docks and brier,
 No *Jaccacincths* or *Eglintines* appear.
 How do these ample walls to ruin yield,
 Where *Peach* and *Nect'rine* branches found a bield,
 And bask'd in rays, which early did produce

fair to view, delightful in the use!
 round in gaps, the most in rubbish ly,
 from what stands the wither'd branches fly.
 These soon shall be repair'd ; — and now my joy,
 bids all grief, — when I'm to see my BOY,
 only prop, and object of my care,
 Heav'n too soon call'd home his MOTHER fair.
 ere the rays of reason clear'd his thought,
 retely to faithful Symon brought,
 charg'd him strictly to conceal his birth,
 we should see what changing times brought forth.
 from himself, he starts up by the dawn,
 ranges careless o'er the height and lawn,
 his fleecy charge serenely gay,
 other shepherds whistling o'er the day.
 his happy life, that's from ambition free:
 wou'd from crowns and courts, how chearfully
 contented mortal spends his time,
 healthy health, his soul unstain'd with crime!

Or sung as follows. S A N G XII. *Happy clown.*

*Hid from himself, now by the dawn
 He starts as fresh as roses blawn,
 And ranges o'er the Heights and lawn,
 After his bleeting flocks.
 Healthful, and innocently gay
 He chants and whistles out the day;
 Untaught to smile and then betray,
 Like Courtly weathercocks.
 Life happy, from ambition free
 Envy and vile hypocrisie,
 Where truth and love with joys agree
 Unfully'd with a crime:
 Unmov'd with what disturbs the Great,
 In proping of their pride and state;*

*He lives, and unafraid of fate,
Contented spends his time.*

Now tow'rd's good Symon's house I'll bend my way
And see what makes yon gamboling to-day;
All on the green, in a fair wanton ring,
My youthful tenants gayly dance and sing.

[Exit Sir W.]

ACT III. SCENE II.

'Tis Symon's house, please to step in,
And vissy't round and round,
There's nought superfluous to give pain,
Or costly to be found.
Yet all is clean: a clear peet-ingle
Glances amidst the floor;
The green horn-spoons, Beech luggies mingle
On skelfs foregainst the door.
While the young brood sport on the green,
The auld anes think it best,
With the broun Cow to clear their een,
Snuff, crack, and take their rest.

SYMON, GLAUD, and ELSPA

GLAUD.

WE anes were young ourselves, — I like to see
The bairns bob round with other merrily.
Troth Symon, Patie's grown a strapan lad,
And better looks than his I never bad.
Amang our lads, he bears the gree awa',
And tells his tale the cleverest of them a'.

ELSPA.

Poor man! he's a great comfort to us baith:
God mak him good, and hide him ay frae skair.

a bairn, I'll say't, well worth our care,
gae us ne'er vexation late or air.

GLAUD.

ow, good wife, if I be not mistean,
ms to be with Peggy's beauty tane;
oth my niece is a right dainty wean,
well ken; a bonnyer needna be,
ether, — be't she were nae kin to me.

SYMON.

Glaud! I doubt that ne'er will be a match,
atie's wild, and will be ill to catch;
he were, for reasons I'll no tell,
her be mixt with the mools my sell.

GLAUD.

at reason can ye have? there's nane, I'm sure,
ye may cast up that she's but poor:
if the lassie marry to my mind,
to her as my ain Jenny kind:
ore of breeding ewes of my ain birn,
y that at ae milking fills a kirn,
to Peggy that day she's a bride;
attour, if my good luck abide,
lms at spaining time, as lang's I live,
a quey cawfs I'll yearly to them give.

ELSPA.

er fair, kind Glaud, but dinna speer
may be is not fit ye yet should hear.

SYMON.

this day eight days, likely ye shall learn,
our denial difna slight his bairn.

GLAUD.

ae mair o't, — come gi'es the other bend,
think their healths, whatever way it end.

(*Their healths gae round.*)

SYMON.

But will ye tell me, Glaud, by some it's said,
Your niece is but a fundling, that was laid
Down at your hallon side, ae morn in May,
Right clean row'd up, and bedded on dry hay.

GLAUD.

That clatteran Madge, my Tittie, tells sic flaws,
Whenc'er our Meg her cankar'd humour gaws.

Enter JENNY.

O! Father, there's an auld man on the green,
The fellest fortune-teller e'er was seen;
He tents our loofs, and syne whops out a book,
Turns owre the leaves, and gies our brows a look:
Syne tells the oddest tales that e'er ye heard,
His head is gray, and lang and gray his beard.

SYMON.

Gae bring him in, we'll hear what he can say,
Nane shall gang hungry by my house to day. [*Exit*]
But for his telling fortunes, troth I fear
He kens nae mair of that than my gray mare.

GLAUD.

Spaemen!——the truth of a' their saws I doubt
For greater liers never ran thereout.

Returns Jenny bringing in Sir William; with them

SYMON.

Ye're welcome, honest carle;—here, tak a seat.

Sir WILL.

I give you thanks, goodman; I'll be no be blate.

GLAUD *drinks.*

Come t'ye friend:—How far came ye the day?

Sir WILL.

I pledge ye, nibour;——e'en but little way.
Rousted with cild, a wie piece gate seems lang;
Twa miles or three's the maist that I dow gang.

SYMON.

We're welcome here to stay all night with me,
tak sic bed and board as we can gi'ye.

Sir WILL.

That's kind unsought.—Well, gin ye have a bairn
like ye like well, and wad his fortune learn,
I'll employ the farthest of my skill
to spae it faithfully, be't good or ill.

SYMON *pointing to Patie*.

Only that lad; alake! I have nae mae,
to make me joyful now or wae.

Sir WILL.

Young man, let's see your hand, what gars you sneer?

PATIE.

Because your skill's but little worth, I fear.

Sir WILL.

Cut before the point: But, billy, bide,
wadger there's a mouse-mark on your side.

ELSPA.

Wooch-us to!—and well I wat that's true?

Awa! the deil's o'er grit wi' you.

One inch aneath his oxtér is the mark;

never seen since he first wore a fark.

Sir WILL.

Tell ye mair, if this young lad be spar'd

for short while, he'll be a braw rich Laird.

ELSPA.

Laird—Hear ye, goodman—what think ye now!

SYMON.

Minna ken! strange auld man, what art thou?

Is fa your heart; 'tis good to bode of wealth;

we turn the timber to Laird Patie's health.

[*Patie's health gaes round.*]

PATIE.

A Laird of twa good whistles and a kent,
Twa curs my trusty tenants on the bent,
Is all my great estate, — and like to be:
Sae, cunning carle, ne'er break your jokes on me.

SYMON.

Whisht, Patie; — let the man look owre ye
Aftimes as broken a ship has come to land.

*Sir William looks a little at Patie's hand, then counter-
ling into a trance, while they endeavour to lay him*

ELSPA.

Preserve's! — the man's a warlock, or possit
With some nae good, — or second-sight at least.
Where is he now? —

GLAUD.

————— He's seeing a' the
In ilka place, beneath or yont the moon.

ELSPA.

These second-sighted fowk, his peace be here!
See things far aff, and things to come, as clear
As I can see my thumb; wow, can he tell
(Speer at him soon as he comes to himself)
How soon we'll see Sir William? Whisht, he here
And speaks out broken words like ane that nae

SYMON.

He'll soon grow better. — — — Elspa, haste ye
And fill him up a tafs of usquebae.

Sir WILL. Starts up and speaks.

- " A Knight that for a LYON fought,
- " Against a herd of Bears,
- " Was to lang toil and trouble brought,
- " In which some thousands shares:
- " But now again the LYON rares,
- " And joy spreads o'er the plain,

II. The GENTLE SHEPHERD.

49

The LYON has defeat the Bears,

The Knight returns again.

THAT Knight, in a few days, shall bring

A Shepherd frae the fauld,

And shall present him to his King,

A subject true and bauld.

Mr. PATRICK shall be call'd:

All you that hear me now,

May well believe what I have tald,

For it shall happen true.

SYMON.

And, may your spaeing happen soon and weel;

With, I'm redd you've bargain'd with the deel,

All some tales that fowks wad secret keep;

Will you get them tald you in your sleep?

Sir WILL.

Where'er I get them, never fash your beard,

Will I to redd fortunes for reward;

Will I lay ten to ane with ony here,

Will I prophesy shall soon appear.

SYMON.

Prophefying fowks are odd kind men!

Here that ken, and here that disna ken,

Unplum'd meaning of your unko tale,

Will soon will make a noise o'er muir and dale.

GLAUD.

It's nae sma sport to hear how Sym believes,

It's nae't for gospel what the spaeman gives,

Will he fortunes whilk he evens to Pate:

What we wish, we trow at ony rate.

Sir WILL.

Whist doubtfu' carle, for ere the Sun

Has driven twice down to the sea,

E

What I have said, ye shall see done
In part, or nae mair credit me.

GLAUD.

Weil, be't sae, friend; I shall sae naithing mair,
But I have twa sonsy lasses young and fair,
Plump ripe for men: I wish ye cou'd forsee
Sic fortunes for them might bring joy to me.

Sir WILL.

Nae mair through secrets can I list,
Till darkness black the bent,
I have but anes a day that gift:
Sae rest a while content.

SYMON.

Elspa, cast on the claith, fetch butt some meat,
And of your best gar this auld stranger eat.

Sir WILL.

Delay a while your hospitable care,
I'd rather enjoy this evening calm and fair,
Around yon ruin'd tower to fetch a walk:
With you, kind friend, to have some private talk.

SYMON.

Soon as you please, I'll answer your desire,—
And, Glaud, you'll tak your pipe beside the fire;
We'll but gae round the place, and soon be back,
Syne sup together, and tak our pint and crack.

GLAUD.

I'll out a while, and see the young-anes play:
My heart's still light, albeit my locks be gray. [E

ACT III. SCENE III.

JENNY pretends an errand hame,
 Young ROGER draps the rest,
 To whisper out his melting flame,
 And throw his lassie's breast.
 Behind a bush, well hid frae sight they meet.
 See Jenny's laughing, Roger's like to greet.

Poor Shepherd!

ROGER and JENNY.

ROGER.

Dear Jenny, I wad speak t'ye, wad ye let,
 And yet I ergh, ye're ay sae scornfu' set.

JENNY.

And what wad Roger say, if he could speak;
 I oblig'd to guess what ye're to seek?

ROGER.

Yes, ye may guess, right eith for what I green,
 By my service, sighs, and langing een:
 I maun out wi't tho' I risk your scorn,
 Ne never frae my thoughts baith even and morn.
 Cou'd I loe you less, I'd happy be;
 Happier far, cou'd ye but fancy me.

JENNY.

And wha kens, honest lad, but that I may?
 I canna say that e'er I said you nay.

ROGER.

Alake! my frightened heart begins to fail,
 E'er I mint to tell ye out my tale,
 Far some tighter lad mair rich than I,
 Win your love, and near your heart may ly.

JENNY.

I loe my father, cufin meg I love;
 But to this day, nae man my mind cou'd move:
 Except my kin, ilk lad's alike to me;
 And frae ye all I best had keep me free.

ROGER.

How lang, dear Jenny, — sayna that again,
 What pleasure can ye tak in giving pain?
 I'm glad however that ye yet stand free,
 Wha kens but ye may rue and pity me?

JENNY.

Ye have my pity else, to see ye set
 On that whilk makes our sweetness soon forget.

Wow! but we're bonny, good, and ev'ry thing!
 How sweet we breathe, whene'er we kifs or sing!
 But we're nae sooner fools to give consent,
 Than we our daffin and tint power repent:
 When prison'd in four waws a wife right tame,
 Altho' the first, the greatest drudge at hame.

ROGER.

That only happens, when for sake of gear,
 Ane wales a wife as he would buy a mare:
 Or when dull parents bairns together bind
 Of different tempers, that can ne'er prove kind:
 But love, true downright love, engages me,
 Tho' thou should scorn, — still to deelyte in thee.

JENNY.

What fuggard words frae woopers lips can fa'
 But girning marriage comes and ends them a'
 I've seen with shining fair the morning rise,
 And soon the sleety clouds mirk a' the skies;
 I've seen the silver-spring a while rin clear,
 And soon in mossy puddles disappear:

Bridegroom may rejoice, the Bride may smile,
soon contentions a' their joys beguile.

ROGER.

Have seen the morning rise with fairest light,
day unclouded, sink in calmest night;
Have seen the spring rin wimpling thro' the plain,
ease and join the ocean without stain:
Bridegroom may be blyth, the Bride may smile,
throw life, and all your fears beguile.

JENNY.

Were I but sure you lang wou'd love maintain,
fewest words my easy heart could gain:
I maun own, since now at last you're free,
I jok'd, I lov'd your company;
I never had a warmness in my breast,
made ye dearer to me than the rest.

ROGER.

Happy now! o'er happy! had my head!
Gush of pleasure's like to be my dead.
To my arms! or strike me! I'm all fyr'd
wondring love! let's kifs till we be tyr'd.
Kifs! we'll kifs the sun and starns away,
Only at the quick return of day!
May! let my arms about thee twine,
Kifs thy bonny breast and lips to mine.

Which may be sung as follows.

SANG XIII. Leith-wynd.

JENNY.

Were I assur'd you'll constant prove,
You should nae mair complain,
The easy maid beset with love,
Few words will quickly gain;

E 3

The GENTLE SHEPHERD.

For I must own, now since you're free,
 This too fond heart of mine
 Has lang, a black-sole true to thee,
 Wish'd to be pair'd with thine.

ROGER.

I'm happy now, ah ! let my head
 Upon thy breast recline ;
 The pleasure strikes me near-hand dead !
 Is Jenny then sae kind ?
 O let me briss thee to my heart !
 And round my arms entwine ;
 Delysfu' thought ; we'll never part !
 Come press thy mouth to mine.

JENNY.

With equal joy, my easy heart gie's way,
 To own thy well-try'd love has won the day.
 Now by these warmest kisses thou hast tane,
 Swear thus to love me, when by vows made aye.

ROGER.

I swear by fifty thousand yet to come,
 Or may the first ane strike me deaf and dumb ;
 There shall not be a kindlier dawted wife,
 If you agree with me to lead your life.

SANG XIV. O'er Bogie.

JENNY.

Well I agree, ye're sure of me ;
 Next to my father gae.
 Make him content to give consent,
 He'll hardly say you nay :
 For you have what he wad be at,
 And will commend you weel,
 Since parents auld think love grows could,
 Where bairns want milk and meal.

Shon'd he deny, I carena by,

He'd contradict in vain.

Tho' a' my kin had said and sworn,

But thee I will have nane.

Then never range, nor learn to change,

Like these in high degree:

And if ye prove faithful in love,

You'll find nae fault in me.

ROGER.

Faulds contain twice fifteen sorrow nowt,

ny newcal in my byars rowt:

pack of woo I can at Lammas sell,

frae my bob-tail'd bleeters on the fell.

twenty pair of blankets for our bed,

meikle care my thrifty mither made.

ing that makes a hartsome house and tight,

Will her care, my father's great delight.

left me all, which now gi'es joy to me,

le I can give a', my dear, to thee:

and I fifty times as meikle mair,

but my Jenny shou'd the samen skair.

ere and all is your's; now had them fast,

uide them as ye like to gar them last.

JENNY.

to my best;—but see wha comes this way,

and Meg,—besides I mauna stay;

al frae ither now, and meet the morn,

le seen we'll drie a deal of scorn.

ROGER.

where the saugh tree shades the mennin-pool,

the hill come down, when day grows cool;

ryd, and meet me there, there let us meet;

and tell our love;—there's naught Iae sweet.

ACT III. SCENE IV.

*This scene presents the KNIGHT and SYM
Within a gallery of the Place,
Where all looks ruinous and grim,
Nor has the Baron shown his face;
But joking with his shepherd leel,
Aft speers the gate he kens fou weel.*

Sir WILLIAM and SYMON.

Sir WILL.

TO whom belongs this house so much decay'd?

SYMON.

To ane that lost it, lending gen'rous aid,
To bear the Head up, when rebellious tail
Against the laws of nature did prevail.
Sir William Worthy is our master's name,
Wha fills us a' with joy, now He's COME HAME.

(Sir William draps his masking beard,

Symon transported sees

*The Welcome Knight with fond regard,
And grasps him round the knees.)*

My master! my dear master!——do I breathe!
To see him healthy, strong, and free frae skaith!
Return'd to chear his wishing tenant's sight,
To bless his son, my charge, the world's delight!

Sir WILL.

Rise, faithful Symon, in my arms enjoy
A place, thy due, kind Guardian of my boy:
I came to view thy care in this disguise,
And am confirm'd thy conduct has been wise;

Will the secret thou'lt securely seal'd,
 Reveal to him his real birth reveal'd.

SYMON.

Due obedience to your strict command
 I'll first lock;—neist my ain judgment fand
 Reasons plenty:—Since, without estate,
 Tho' sprung from Kings, looks baugh and blate.

Sir WILL.

Often vain and idly spend their time,
 Grow unfit for action, past their prime,
 On their friends,—which gi'es their fauls a cast,
 Turns them downright beggars at the last.

SYMON.

Well I wat, Sir, ye have spoken true;
 The Laird Kytie's son, that's loo'd by few.
 He fled his fortune in his wame,
 And his heir nought but a gentle name:
 About fornan frae place to place,
 Of manners, as of sense and grace,
 As all, as punishment of their sin,
 Within his tenth degree of kin:
 Like trader's debt, whae's fae unjust
 In sam'lie, as to give him trust.

Sir WILL.

Useless branches of a Commonwealth,
 He lopt off to give a state mair health.
 My bare reflection.—Symon, run
 Your observations on my son:
 His fondness easily finds excuse:
 But with indulgence truth abuse.

SYMON.

Speak his praise, the longest simmer-day
 Is short,—could I them right display.

In word and deed he can sae well behave,
 That out of sight he runs before the lave;
 And when there's e'er a quarrel or contest,
 Patrick's made judge, to tell whase cause is best;
 And his decreet stands good, he'll gar it stand!
 Wha dares to grumble, finds his correcting hand
 With a firm look, and a commanding way,
 He gars the proudest of our herds obey.

Sir WILL.

Your tale much pleases,—my good friend,
 What learning has he? Can he write and read?

SYMON.

Baith wonder well; for troth I didna spare,
 To gie him at the school enough of lair;
 And he delytes in books:—he reads and speaks
 With fowks that ken them *Latin* words and Greek.

Sir WILL.

Where gets he books to read?—and of what
 Tho' some give light, some blindly lead the blae.

SYMON.

Whene'er he drives our sheep to Edinburgh
 He buys some books of history, fangs or sports;
 Nor does he want of them a rowth at will,
 And carries ay a pouchfou to the hill.
 About ane *Shakespear*, and a famous *Ben*,
 He aften speaks, and ca's them best of men.
 How sweetly *Hawthrenden* and *Stirling* sing,
 And ane ca'd *Cowley* loyal to his king,
 He kens fou well, and gars their verses ring.
 I sometimes thought that he made o'er great fine
 About fine poems, histories and plays.
 When I reprov'd him anes, a book he brings,
 With this, quoth he, on braes I crack with King.

Sir WILL.

wer'd well, and much ye glad my ear,
ch accounts I of my Shepherd hear :
uch books can raise a peasant's mind,
Lord's that is not thus inclin'd.

SYMON.

ken we better, that sae findle look,
in rainy sundays on a book :
e a leaf or twa, half-read, half-spell,
he rest sleep round us as weel's our sell ?

Sir WILL.

ested, Symon; ——— but one question more
ask you now, and then give o'er.
th's arriv'd the age when little loves
around young hearts like cooing doves;
young lassie with inviting mein,
cheek, the wonder of the green,
his look, and caught his youthful heart ?

SYMON.

l the warst, but kend the smallest part,
I saw him twa three times mair sweet,
aud's fair niece than I thought right or meet :
y fears; but now have nought to fear,
e yourself your son will soon appear.
man enrich'd with all these charms,
e the fairest best born lady's arms.

Sir WILL.

ight must end his unambitious fire,
gher views shall greater thoughts inspire.
son, bring him quickly here to me,
e yourself shall our first meeting see.
my horse and servants nigh at hand,
me just at the time I gave command;

Straight in my own apparel I'll go dress;
Now ye the secret may to all confess.

SYMON.

With how much joy I on this errand flee,
There's nane can know that is not downright me.

Sir WILL. solus.

When the event of hope successfully appears,
One happy hour cancels the toil of years.
A thousand toils are lost in Lethe's stream,
And cares evanish like a morning dream;
When wish'd-for pleasures rise like morning-light,
The pain that's past enhances the delight.
These joys I feel that words can ill express,
I ne'er had known without my late distress.

But from his rustic business and love,
I must in haste my *Patrick* soon remove,
To courts and camps that may his soul improve;
Like the rough diamond, as it leaves the mine,
Only in little breakings shews its light,
Till artful polishing has made it shine:
Thus education makes the genius bright.

End of the third Act.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The scene describ'd in former page,
Glaud's onset.——Enter Maufe and Madge.*

LAIRD's come hame! and owns young Pate his heir:
That's news indeed!——

MADGE.

——As true as ye stand there.

They were dancing all in Symon's yeard,
William like a warlock, with a beard,
Naves in length, and white as driven snaw,
When we came, cry'd, *Had ye merry a'?*
He'd meikle at his unco look,
He frae his poutch he whirl'd forth a book:
He stood round about him on the green,
He w'd us a', but fix'd on Pate his een;
He pawkily pretended he cou'd spae,
For his pains and skill wad naething hae.

MAUSE.

How sure the lasses, and ilk gaping coof,
Heir about him and had out their loof.

MADGE.

As fast as flaes skip to the tate of woo,
He fleed Tod Lawrie hads without his mow,
He he to drown them, and his hips to cool,
Summer days slides backward in a pool:
For he did for Pate braw things fortell,
Without the help of conjuring or spell;
But when well diverted, he withdrew,
He w'd aff his beard to Symon, Symon knew
How welcome Master, round his knees he gat,
He w'd at his coat, and syne for blythness grat,

F

Patrick was sent for,——happy lad is he!
 Symon tald Elspa, Elspa tald it me.
 Ye'll hear out a' the secret story soon;
 And troth it's e'en right odd, when a' is done,
 To think how Symon ne'er afore wad tell,
 Na, no sae meikle as to Pate himsell.
 Our Meg, poor thing, alake! has lost her jo.

MAUSE.

It may be sae, wha kens? and may be no.
 To list a love that's rooted, is great pain:
 Even Kings has tane a Queen out of the plain,
 And what has been before may be again.

MADGE.

Sic nonsense! Love tak root, but tocher-good,
 'Tween a herd's bairn, and ane of gentle blood:
 Sic fashions in King BRUCE's days might be:
 But siccan ferlies now we never see.

MAUSE.

Gif Pate forfakes her, Bauldy she may gain,
 Yonder he comes, and wow but he looks fain,
 Nae doubt he thinks that Peggy's now his ain.

MADGE.

He get her! flavering doof! it sets him weel
 To yoke a plough where Patrick thought to teil;
 Gif I were Meg, I'd let young Master see——

MAUSE.

Ye'd be as dorty in your choice as he.
 And so wad I: but whisht, here Bauldy comes.

Enter BAULDY singing.

JENNY said to Jocky, gin ye wima tell,
 Ye shall be the lad, and I'll be the last mysell;
 Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free;
 Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.

— Lasses will come to at last,
for a while they maun their snaw-baws cast.

MAUSE.

ell, Bauldy, how gaes a' ? —

BAULDY.

— Faith unco right:

we'll a sleep sound but ane this night.

MADGE.

wha's the unlucky ane, if we may ask?

BAULDY.

find out that is nae difficult task.

poony PEGGY, wha maun think nae mair,

the turn'd PATRICK and Sir WILLIAM's heir.

now, good Madge, and honest Mause, stand be,

Meg's in dumps, put in a word for me.

as kind as ever Pate could prove:

fulful, and ay constant in my love.

MADGE.

steps can witness, and the bushy thorn,

mony a time to her your heart was sworn;

boldly! blush, and vows of love regard;

other lads will trow a mansworn herd?

of heav'n hings ay aboon their heads,

ever guilty of sic sinfu' deeds.

advise my niece fae grae a gate,

she be advis'd, fou weel I wate.

BAULDY.

ay a gate! mansworn! and a' the rest;

old Roudes, — and in faith had best

your words, else I shall gar ye stand

bet face afore the haly band.

MADGE.

gar me stand! ye shevelling gabbit brock;

that again, and, trembling, dread my rock,

And ten sharp nails, that when my hands are in
Can flyp the skin o'ye'r cheeks out owre your

BAULDY.

I tak ye witness, Maufe, ye heard her say,
That I'm mansworn,——I winna let it gae.

MADGE.

Ye're witness too, he ca'd me bonny names,
And should be serv'd as his good breeding claim
Ye filthy dog!——

Flys to his hair like a fury:—

——Mause endeavours

MAUSE.

Let gang your grips, fy Madge! howt, Bauldy
I wadna wish this tuilzie had been seen;
'Tis fac daft like——

*Bauldy gets out of Madge
with a bleeding*

MADGE.

——'Tis daster like to

An ether-cap, like him, to blaw the coal.
It sets him well, with vile unscrapit tongue
To cast up whether I be auld or young.
They're aulder yet than I have married been,
And or they died their bairn's bairns have seen.

MAUSE.

That's true; and, *Bauldy*, ye was far to blame;
To ca' Madge ought but her ain christen'd name.

BAULDY.

My lugs, my nose, and noddle find the same.

MADGE.

Auld Roudes, filthy fallow, I shall auld ye.

MAUSE.

Howt no,——ye'll e'en be friends with honest
Come, come, shake hands: this maun nae farther

in forgie 'im; I see the lad looks wae.

BAULDY.

noth now, Maufe, I have at Madge nae spite:
abusing first was a' the wyte
at has happen'd, and should therefore crave
pardon first, and shall acquittance have.

MADGE.

ve your pardon! gallows-face, gae greet,
in your faut to her that ye wad cheat.
be blasted in your health and gear,
e learn to perform as well as swear.
ad loup back!—was e'er the like heard tell?
ak him, diel, he's owre lang out of hell.

BAULDY *running off*.

ence be about us! curst were he,
ere condemn'd for life to live with thee.

[*Exit Bauldy.*]

MADGE *laughing*.

ak I have towzled his harrigals a-wee;
soon grien to tell his love to me.
a rascal that wad mint to serve
fae he does but ill deserve.

MAUSE.

win'd him rightly—I commend ye for't;
ding snout gae me nae little sport;
forenoon he had that scant of grace,
eding baith——to tell me to my face,
'd I was a witch, and wadna stand
him in this case my helping hand.

MADGE.

itch!—How had ye patience this to bear;
ve him een to see, or lugs to hear?

MAUSE.

with'er'd hands, and feeble joints like mine,
sowk resentment to decline,

Till aft it's seen, when vigour fails, then we
 With cunning, can the lake of pith supplie.
 Thus I pat off revenge till it was dark,
 Syne bade him come, and we shou'd gang to wark:
 I'm sure he'll keep his triste; and I came here
 To seek your help, that we the fool may fear.

MADGE.

And special sport we'll have, as I protest;
 Ye'll be the witch, and I shall play the ghaist.
 A linnen sheet wound round me, like ane dead;
 I'll cawk my face, and grane and shake my head.
 We'll fleg him sae, he'll mint nae mair to gang
 A conjuring to do a lassie wrang.

MAUSE.

Then let us go; for see, 'tis hard on night;
 The westlin clouds shines rid with setting light.

ACT IV. SCENE II

*When birds begin to nod upon the bough,
 And the green swaird grows damp with falling dew
 While good Sir William is to rest retir'd,
 The Gentle Shepherd tenderly inspir'd,
 Walks through the broom with Roger ever leel,
 To meet, to comfort Meg, and take fareweel.*

ROGER.

WOW but I'm cadgie, and my heart louns lie
 O! Mr. Patrick, ay your thoughts were rig
 Sure gentle fowk are farer seen than we,
 That naething hae to brag of pedegree.
 My Jenny now, wha brake my heart this morn,
 Is perfect yielding, — sweet, — and nae mair so

my mind,—she heard,—I spake again,
 child,—I kifs'd, ——— I wood, nor wood in vain.

PATIE.

glad to hear't: but O! my change this day
 is up my joy, and yet I'm sometimes wac:
 and a father gently kind as brave,
 estate that lifts me 'boon the lave,
 looks all kindness, words that love confest,
 the Father to my soul exprest,
 clofs he held me to his manly breast.
 ere the eyes, he said, thus smil'd the mouth
 lov'd mother, Blessing of my youth!
 et too soon! — And while he praise bestow'd,
 his graceful cheeks a torrent flow'd.
 w-born joys, and this his tender tale,
 ingled thus, o'er a' my thoughts prevail;
 speechless lang, my late kend Sire I view'd,
 gushing tears my panting breast bedew'd.
 transports made my head turn round,
 I myself with rising raptures found
 ppy son of anc sae much renown'd.
 has heard ——— too faithful Symon's fear
 ought my love for Peggy to his ear;
 he forbids,—ah! this confounds my peace,
 thus to beat my heart must sooner cease.

ROGER.

to advise you, troth I'm at a stand:
 et my case, ye'd clear it up aff-hand.

PATIE.

and hasten reason plead his cause:
 at cares love for reason, rules and laws?
 my heart my Shepherdess excells,
 ut of my new happiness repells.

Or sung as follows. S A N G XV. Kirk-wald

*Duty and part of reason
Plead strong on the parent's side,
Which love so superior calls treason;
The strongest must be obey'd:
For now tho' I'm one of the gentry,
My constancy falshood repells;
For change in my heart has no entry,
Still there my dear Peggy excells.*

R O G E R.

Enjoy them baith ;——Sir William will be w
Your Peggy's bonny,—you're his only son.

P A T I E.

She's mine by vows, and stronger ties of love,
And frae these bands nae change my mind shall move
I'll wed nane else, through life I will be true;
But still obedience is a parent's due.

R O G E R.

Is not our master and yourself to stay
Amang us here,—or are ye gawn away
To London court, or ither far aff parts
To leave your ain poor us with broken hearts !

P A T I E.

To Edinburgh straight, to morrow we advance,
To London neist, and afterwards to France,
Where I must stay some years, and learn— to dance
And twa three other monky-tricks:——That do
I come hame strutting in my red-heel'd shoon.
Then it's design'd, when I can well behave,
That I maun be some petted thing's dull slave,
For some few bags of cash, that I wate weel;
Inae mair need nor carts do a third wheel:

dearer to me than my breath,
than hear sic news, shall hear my death.

ROGER.

who have just enough can soundly sleep,

come only fash'es fouk to keep. —

Mr. Patrick, tak your ain tale hame.

PATIE.

that was my morning thought, at night's the same :
poor and rich but differ in the name.

that's the greatest blis we can procure
oon the list. — Without it Kings are poor. —

ROGER.

an estate, like your's, yields braw content,

we but pike it scanty on the bent:

chairs, fast beds, sweet houses and red wine,

cheer, and witty friends, whene'er ye dine,

ant servants, honour, wealth and ease;

no content with these are ill to please.

PATIE.

Roger thinks, and thinks not far amiss,

ay a cloud hings hovering o'er their blis:

allions rule the rost; — and, if they're sour,

the lean ky, they'll soon the fat devour.

pleen, tint honour, and affronted pride,

like the sharpest goads in gentry's side.

ants and gravels, and the ill disease,

quenteft with fowk o'erlaid with ease;

o'er the muir, the shepherd with less care,

his sober wish, and halefome air.

ROGER.

OLD man, I wonder ay, and it delights

eat, whene'er I harken to your flights.

ut ye a' that sense I fain wad lear,

l may easier disappointments bear.

P A T I E.

Frae books, the wale of books, I gat some skill
 These best can teach what's real good or ill.
 Ne'er grudge ilk year to ware some stanes of chie
 To gain these silent friends that ever please.

R O G E R.

I'll do't, and ye shall tell me which to buy:
 Faith I've hae books, tho' I shou'd sell my ky:
 But now, let's hear how you're design'd to move
 Between Sir William's will and Peggy's love.

P A T I E.

Then here it ly's,——his will maun be obey'd
 My vows I'll keep, and she shall be my bride:
 But I some time this last design maun hide.
 Keep you the secret closs, and leave me here,
 I sent for Peggy; yonder comes my dear.

R O G E R.

Pleas'd that ye trust me with the secret, I,
 To wyle it frae me, a' the deils defy.

P A T I E *solus.*

With what a struggle must I now impart
 My father's will to her that hads my heart!
 I ken she loves, and her fast soul will sink,
 While it stands trembling on the hated brink
 Of disappointment——Heaven, support my fair,
 And let her comfort claim your tender care.
 Her eyes are red ———

——My Peggy, why in tears?
 Smile as ye wont, allow nae room for fears:
 Tho' I'm nae mair a shepherd, yet I'm thine.

P E G G Y.

I dare not think sae high: I now repine

happy chance that made not me
 match, or still a herd kept thee.
 withouten pain, see frae the coast
 that bears his All like to be lost;
 carried by some Rever's hand,
 his wishes to some distant land?

PATIE.

currel fate, whilst it with me remains,
 thee up, or still attend these plains.
 has forbid our loves I own:
 superior to a parent's frown.
 hate: come kifs thy cares away;
 love, as well as to obey.
 's generous, leave the task to me,
 strict duty and true love agree.

PEGGY.

—speak ever thus, and ~~kill~~ my grief,
 I dare to hope the ~~great~~ relief.
 a gentler face will soon inspire,
 a nice air swims round in silk attire;
 for me! — with sighs may ban my fate,
 young Laird's nae mair my hartsome Pate:
 again to hear sweet tales exprest,
 with shepherd that excell'd the rest:
 be envy'd by the tattling gang,
 he kifs'd me, when I danc'd or sang:
 awake! we'll on the meadow play!
 breathless round the rucks of hay,
 I have fled from thee right fain,
 on purpose that I might be tane.
 around the foggy know I'll creep,
 and stare upon thee while asleep.
 my vow — 'twill help to give me ease,
 death, or deadly fair disease,

And warst of ills attend my wretched life,
If e'er to aye but you I be a wife.

Or sung as follows.

SANG XVI. Woes my heart that we should

Speak on, — speak thus, and still my grief,

Hold up a heart that's sinking under

These fears, that soon will want relief,

When Fate must from his Peggy sunder,

Agentler face and silk attire,

A lady rich in beauty's blossom,

Alake poor me! will now conspire,

To steal thee from thy Peggy's bosom.

No more the Shepherd who excell'd

The rest, whose wit made them to wonder:

Shall now thy Peggy's praises tell,

Ah! I can die, and never sunder.

Ye meadows where we often stray'd,

Ye banks where we were wont to wander,

Sweet-scented rucks round which we play'd,

You'll loose your sweets when we're asunder.

Again, ah! shall I never creep

Around the know with silent duty

Kindly to watch thee while asleep,

And wonder at thy manly beauty?

Hear, heaven, while solemnly I vow,

Tho' thou shouldst prove a wandring lover,

Throw life to thee I shall prove true,

Nor be a wife to any other.

PATIE.

Sure heaven approves; — and be assur'd of
I'll ne'er gang back of what I've sworn to thee

time, tho' time maun interpose a while,
 I maun leave my Peggy and this isle;
 time, nor distance, nor the fairest face,
 there's a fairer, e'er shall fill thy place.
 my rising fortune, should it move
 the foundation of our faithfu' love.
 my foot were crowns and scepters laid,
 be my soul frae thee, delightful maid;
 I'd soon leave these inferior things
 as have the patience to be kings.
 fore that tear? believe, and calm thy mind.

PEGGY.

yet for joy to hear thy-words sae kind.
 hopes were sunk, and nought but mirk despair,
 me think life was little worth my care,
 art was like to burst: but now I see
 rous thoughts will save thy love for me.
 patience then, I'll wait each wheeling year,
 time away, till thou with joy appear.
 the while, I'll study gentler charms,
 be me fitter for my traveller's arms.
 on uncle Glaud; he's far frae fool,
 will not grudge to put me through ilk school,
 I may manners learn——

as follows. SANG XVII. Tweed-side.

en hope was quite sunk in despair,
 My heart it was going to break;
 y life appear'd worthless my care,
 But now I will save't for thy sake.
 ere'er my love travels by day,
 Wherever he lodges by night,
 I'll me his dear image shall stay,
 And my soul keep him e'er in sight.

*With patience I'll wait the long year,
 And study the gentlest charms :
 Hope time away till thou appear
 To lock thee for ay in those arms.
 Whilst thou wast a shepherd, I priz'd
 No higher degree in this life ;
 But now I'll endeavour to rise
 To a beighth that's becoming thy wife.*

*For beauty that's only skin deep,
 Must fade like the gowans of May,
 But inwardly rooted, will keep
 For ever, without a decay.
 Nor age, nor the changes of life,
 Can quench the fair fire of love;
 If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,
 And the husband have sense to approve.*

PATIE.

—————That's wisely
 And what your uncle wares shall be well paid.
 Tho' without a' the little helps of art,
 Thy native sweets might gain a prince's heart;
 Yet now, lest in our station we offend,
 We must learn modes to innocence unken'd;
 Affect oft-times to like the thing we hate,
 And drap serenity to keep up state;
 Laugh when we're sad, speak when we've nought
 And, for the fashion, when we're blyth seem woe
 Pay compliments to them we oft have scorn'd,
 Then scandalize them when their backs are turn'd

PEGGY.

If this is gentry, I had rather be
 What I am still; ———but I'll be ought with thee

PATIE.

my Peggy, I but only jest,
 try's apes; for still amangst the best,
 manners give integrity a bleeze,
 five virtues join the arts to please.

PEGGY.

with nae hazard, and sae small expence,
 sae books can gather siccan sense;
 ay, ah! why should the tempestuous sea,
 thy dear life, and frighten me?
 man's cruel, that wad force his son,
 e-whats sae great a risque to run.

PATIE.

is nae doubt, but travelling does improve,
 wad shun it for thy sake, my love:
 as I've shook aff my landwart cast
 in cities, hame to thee I'll haste.

PEGGY.

every setting day, and rising morn,
 to heav'n, and ask thy safe return.
 at tree, and on the suckler brae,
 we wont, when bairns, to run and play;
 the Hissel shaw, where first ye vow'd
 mine, and I as eithly trow'd,
 gang, and tell the trees and flowers,
 that they'll bear witness I am your's.

Or sung as follows.

ANG XVIII. Bush aboon Traquair.

setting day and rising morn,
 With soul that still shall love thee,
 Ask of heav'n thy safe return,
 With all that can improve thee.

G 2

*I'll visit oft the Birken-bush,
Where first thou kindly told me,
Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,
Whilst round thou didst enfold me.*

*To all our haunts I will repair,
By greenwood, shaw or fountain;
Or where the summer-day I'd share
With thee upon yon mountain.
There will I tell the trees and flowers,
From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
By vows you're mine, by love is your's
A heart which cannot wonder.*

PATIE.

*My dear, allow me, frae thy temples fair,
A shining ringlet of thy flowing hair;
Which, as a sample of each lovely charm,
I'll often kiss and wear about my arm.*

PEGGY.

*Were't in my power with better boons to please
I'd give the best I could with the same ease:
Nor wad I, if thy luck had fall'n to me,
Been in ae jot less generous to thee.*

PATIE.

*I doubt it not, but since we've little time,
To ware't on words, wad border on a crime:
Love's faster meaning better is express,
When it's with kisses on the heart impress.*

End of the fourth Act.

ACT V. SCENE I.

poor Bauldy stares like ane possesst,
 awakes up Symon frae his kindly rest :
 g'd, with night-cap, and unbutton'd coat,
 old man comes forward to the sot.

SYMON.

want ye, Bauldy, at this early hour,
 While drowsy sleep keeps a' beneath its power?
 North the scant approaching light
 al 'twixt the morning and the night.
 ye shake and glowre, and look sae wan?
 they chitter, hair like bristles stand.

BAULDY.

soon some water, milk or ale,
 grown giddy, ——— legs with shaking fail:
 dare venture forth at night my lane;
 never be mysell again.

leaf put it! Symon, O Symon! O!

Symon gives him a drink.

SYMON.

thee, gowk! ——— to make sae loud adoe?
 k'd Sir William, he has left his bed,
 I fear ill pleas'd; I hear his tread.

[Enter Sir William.

Sir WILL.

the night? Does day-light yet appear?
 you're very timeously afeer.

SYMON.

ye, Sir, that we've disturb'd your rest;
 strange thing has Bauldy's sp'rit oppress,
 some witch, or wrestled with a ghaist.

G 3

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BAULDY.

O ay,—dear Sir, in troth 'tis very true,
And I am come to make my plaint to you.

Sir WILL. *Smiling.*

I lang to hear't.—————

BAULDY.

————— Ah! Sir, the witch caw'd Maufe,
That wins aboon the mill amang the haws,
First promis'd that she'd help me with her art,
To gain a bonny thrawart lassie's heart.
As she had trysted, I met wi'er this night,
But may nae friend of mine get sic a fright!
For the curs'd hag, instead of doing me good,
(The very thought o't's like to freeze my blood!
Rais'd up a ghaist or deel, I kenna whilk,
Like a dead corse, in sheet as white as milk.
Black hands it had, and face as wan as death;
Upon me fast the *Witch* and it fell baith,
And gat me down, while I like a great fool,
Was labour'd as I wont to be at school:
My heart out of its hool was like to lowp;
I pithless grew with fear, and had nae hope,
Till with an elritch laugh they vanish'd quite,
Synce I haf-dead with anger, fear and spite,
Crap up, and fled straight frae them, Sir to you,
Hoping your help, to gie the deel his due.
I'm sure my heart will ne'er gi'e o'er to dunt,
Till in a fat tar-barrel Maufe be burnt.

Sir WILL.

Well, Bauldy, whate'er's just shall granted be
Let Maufe be brought this morning down to me.

BAULDY.

Thanks to your Honour, soon shall I obey;
But first I'll Roger raise, and twa three mae,

her fast, or she get leave to squeel,
 her cantraips that bring up the deel. [*Exit Bauldy.*]

Sir WILL.

Symon, Bauldy's mair afraid than hurt,
 and ghaist have made themselves good sport.
 notions croud the clouded mind,
 now want of education blind.

SYMON.

your Honour think there's nae sic thing,
 raising deels up through a ring;
 tricks? a thousand I cou'd tell,
 be contriv'd on this side hell.

Sir WILL.

the Devil's dancing in a moor,
 few old women craz'd and poor,
 joic'd to see him frisk and lowp
 and bogs, with candles in his dowp,
 sometimes like a black horn'd cow,
 like Bawty, Badrans, or a Sow;
 his train throw airy paths to glide,
 on cats, or clowns, or broom-staffs ride;
 they'll skim out o'er the main,
 for leader's health in France or Spain;
 by night, bumbaze hare-hearted fools,
 down their cup-board, chairs and stools:
 in spells, or if there witches be,
 they seem the most absurd to me.

SYMON.

enough, we ne'er heard that a witch
 meikle sence, or yet was rich:
 tho' poor, is a sagacious wife,
 quiet and very honest life.
 we think this hoble shew that's past
 naithing but a joke at last.

Sir WILL.

I'm sure it will; ——— but see increasing light,
 Commands the imps of darkness down to night:
 Bid raise my servants, and my horse prepare,
 Whilst I walk out to take the morning air.

S A N G XIX. Bonny gray-ey'd morn

*The bonny gray-ey'd morning begins to peep,
 And darkness flies before the rising ray,
 The hearty hind starts from his lazy sleep,
 To follow healthful labours of the day,
 Without a guilty sting to wrinkle his brow;
 The Lark and the Linnet tend his lever,
 And he joins their concert driving his plow,
 From toil of grimace and pageantry free.*

*While fluster'd with wine, or madden'd with loss,
 Of half an estate, the prey of a Main,
 The drunkard and gamester tumble and toss,
 Wishing for calmness and slumber in vain.
 Be my portion health and quietness of mind,
 Plac'd at due distance from parties and state,
 Where neither ambition nor avarice blind,
 Reach him who has happiness link'd to his fate.*

ACT V. SCENE II.

Peggy laces up her bosom fair,
 The blue snood Jenny binds up her hair;
 By his morning ingle takes a beek;
 The sun shines motty through the reek,
 His mouth, the lasses please his een,
 And then his joke maun interveen.

GLAUD.

My bairns, it may keep fair till night,
 But use so soon to see the light;
 We now intend to mix the thrang,
 Our leave of Patrick or he gang;
 Think, that now when he's a Laird,
 Our landwart lasses will regard?

JENNY.

Young master now, I'm very sure,
 Is less than slight auld friends tho' poor;
 May he gae us mony a tug,
 My cusin there frae lug to lug.

GLAUD.

No doubt o't, and he'll do't again;
 Would his company refrain.
 As a shepherd sought a wife,
 To live a chaste and frugal life:
 When gentle, soon he will forsake
 Thoughts, and brag of being a rake.

PEGGY.

What's that?—Sure-if it means ought ill,
 Be't, else I have tint my skill.

GLAUD.

Daft lassie, ye ken nought of the affair,
 Ane young, and good, and gentle's unco rare
 A rake's a graceless spark that thinks nae shame
 To do what like of us think sin to name.
 Sic are fae void of shame, they'll never stop,
 To brag how often they have had the clap.
 They'll tempt young things like you, with you
 Syne mak ye a' their jest, when ye're debauch
 Be wary then, I say, and never gie
 Encouragement, or board with sic as he.

PEGGY.

Sir William's virtuous, and of gentle blood
 And may not Patrick too like him be good?

GLAUD.

That's true, and mony gentry mae than he
 As they are wiser, better are than we;
 But thinner sawn: They're fae puft up with
 There's mony of them mocks ilk haly guide,
 That shaws the gate to heaven. — I've heard
 Some of them laugh at dooms-day, sin and he

JENNY.

Watch o'er us, Father! heh, that's very odd
 Sure him that doubts a dooms-day, doubts a

GLAUD.

Doubt! why, they neither doubt, nor judge
 Nor hope, nor fear; but curse, debauch, and
 But I'm no saying this, as if I thought
 That Patrick to sic gates will e'er be brought

PEGGY.

The LORD forbid! — Na, he kens better
 But here comes aunt, her face some ferly bright

MADGE.

ye, we're a' sent for owre the gate,
 help to red some odd debate
 and Bauldy, 'bout some witchcraft spell,
 the Knight sits judge himsell.

GLAUD.

staff, — Madge, lock the outer-dore,
 lassies wi' ye, I'll step before. [Exit Glaud.

MADGE.

—look Jenny, was the like e'er seen,
 and red with greeting look her een?
 brankan wooer takes his horse,
 little spark at Edinburgh cross;
 kept, cut frae the branchy plain,
 and glancing headed cane;
 horn spoons, and kitted whey,
 that smells like new won hay:
 green-swaired dance, when we gae milk,
 the beauties clad in silk.
 Meg! maun with the shepherd stay,
 God will send in hoddin-gray.

PEGGY.

what needs ye fash us wi' your scorn?
 fault that I'm nae gentler born.
 what of some Laird had been,
 sic'd Patie on the green.
 wifes, why should I repine?
 another he'll ne'er be mine;
 like has been, if the decree
 mine, I yet his wife may be.

MADGE.

truth! — but we delay;
 aprons baith, and come away.

[Exeunt.]

ACT V. SCENE III.

*Sir William fills the two-arm'd chair,
While Symon, Roger, Glaud and Maufe
Attend, and with loud laughter, hear
Daft Bauldy blantly plead his cause:
For now 'tis tell'd him that the taz
Was handled by revengefu' Madge,
Because he broke good breeding's laws,
And, with his nonsense, rais'd their rage.*

Sir WILL.

AND was that all? Well, Bauldy, ye was
No otherwise than what ye well deserf
Was it so small a matter to defame,
And thus abuse an honest woman's name?
Besides your going about to have betray'd,
By perjury an innocent young maid.

BAULDY.

Sir, I confess my faut thro' a' the steps,
And ne'er again shall be untrue to Neps.

MAUSE.

Thus far, Sir, he oblig'd me on the score,
I kend not that they thought me sic before.

BAULDY.

An't like your honour, I believ'd it weel
But trowth I was e'en doilt to seek the deel;
Yet with your honour's leave, tho' she's nae
She's baith a flee and a revengefu' —
And that my *some-place* finds; — but I ha
Had in my tongue, for yonder comes the gh
And the young bonny witch, whase rosie ch
Sent me, without my wit, the deel to seek.

The GENTLE SHEPHERD.

85

Enter Madge, Peggy, and Jenny.

Sir WILL. looking at Peggy.

daughter's she that wears the aurora gown,

soe fair, and locks a lovely brown?

What are her eyes! what's this I find?

It brings all my sister to my mind.

For the features once adorn'd a face,

Death too soon depriv'd of sweetest grace.

Our daughter, Glaud? —

GLAUD.

Yes, she's my niece, —

But she's not: — But I should had my peace.

Sir WILL.

Is a contradiction. What d'ye mean?

It is not! pray thee, Glaud, explain.

GLAUD.

I doubt, if I should make appear

I have kept a secret thirteen year.

MAUSE.

May reveal what I can fully clear.

Sir WILL.

Now, I'm all impatience! —

PATIE.

—— So am I!

I hope, and hardly yet know why.

GLAUD.

Since my Master orders, I obey.

On FUNDLING ae clear morn of May,

On the lee side of my door I found,

And clean, and carefully hapt round,

And weeds of rich and gentle make.

And they be, thought I, did thee forsake?

More than brutes, cou'd leave expos'd to air

Of innocence, soe sweetly fair,

H

Sae helpless young? for she appear'd to me,
 Only about twa' towmonds auld to be;
 I took her in my arms, the bairny smil'd,
 With sic a look wad made a savage mild.
 I hid the story; she has past sincefyne,
 As a poor orphan, and a niece of mine.
 Nor do I rue my care about the wean,
 For she's well worth the pains that I have tane.
 Ye see she's bonny, I can swear she's good,
 And am right sure she's come of gentle blood;
 Of whom I kenna,——naithing ken I mair,
 Than what I to your honour now declare.

Sir WILL.

This tale seems strange!——

PATIE.

——The tale delights my ear!

Sir WILL.

Command your joys, young man, till truth appear.

MAUSE.

That be my task;——now, Sir, bid all be hush,
 Peggy may smile——thou hast no cause to blush.
 Long have I wish'd to see this happy day,
 That I might safely to the truth give way;
 That I may now Sir William Worthy name,
 The best and nearest friend that she can claim.
 He saw't at first, and with quick eye did trace,
 His sister's beauty in her daughter's face.

Sir WILL.

Old woman, do not rave, prove what you say;
 'Tis dangerous in affairs like this to play.

PATIE.

What reason, Sir, can an old woman have,
 To tell a lie, when she's fac near her grave?

or why, it should be truth, I grant,
 thing, looks like a reason, want.

OMNES.

story's odd! we wish we heard it out.

Sir WILL.

haste, good woman, and resolve each doubt.

Mause goes forward, leading Peggy to Sir William.

MAUSE.

view me well, has fifteen years so plow'd,
 ill'd face that you have often view'd,
 ere I as an unknown stranger stand,
 mark her mother that now holds my hand?
 anger proofs I'll give, if you demand.

Sir WILL.

honest nurse! where were my eyes before?

thy faithfulness, and need no more;

in the lab'rinth, to lead out my mind,

expose her, who was so unkind?

Sir William embraces Peggy, and makes her sit by him.

thy thou'rt my niece, truth must prevail:

more words till Mause relate her tale.

PATIE.

nurse, go on, nae musick's haff sae fine,

give pleasure like these words of thine.

MAUSE.

it was I, that sav'd her infant life,

being threatend by an uncle's wife.

my lang, but I the secret knew;

my pursu'd with avaritious view,

estate, of which they're now possess:

to me a confident confess.

with horror, and with trembling dread,

in the sateless orphan in her bed.

H 2

That very night when all were sunk in rest;
 At mid-night hour, the floor I softly prest;
 And staw the sleeping innocent away,
 With whom I travell'd some few miles ere day.
 All day I hid me,——when the day was done,
 I kept my journey, lighted by the moon,
 Till eastward fifty miles I reach'd these plains
 Where needful plenty glads your chearful Swains.
 Then fear of being found out, I to secure
 My charge, e'en laid her at this shepherd's door
 And took a neighbouring cottage here; that I,
 Whate'er shou'd happen to her, might be by.
 Here honest *Glaud* himsell, and *Symon* may
 Remember well, how I that very day,
 Frae *Roger's* father took my little cove.

GLAUD, with tears of joy happing down his

I well remember't: *LORD* reward your love.
 Lang have I wish'd for this; for afit I thought,
 Sic knowledge sometime should about be brought.

Patie *PATIE.*

'Tis now a crime to doubt;——my joys are
 With due obedience to my parent's will.
 Sir, with paternal love, survey her charms,
 And blame me not for rushing to her arms:
 She's mine by vows, and would, tho' still unknown
 Have been my wife, when I my vows durst own.

Sir WILL.

My niece, my daughter, welcome to my care,
 Sweet image of thy mother, good and fair,
 Equal with *Patrick*; now my greatest aim,
 Shall be to aid your joys, and well match'd flame.
 My boy, receive her from your father's hand;
 With as good will as either would demand.

Patie and Peggy embrace, and kneel to Sir W

PATIE.

as much joy this blessing I receive,
wad life, that's sinking in a waye.

Sir WILL. raises them.

re you both my blessing; may your love
a happy race, and still improve.

PEGGY.

wilnes are complete,—my joys arise,
I'm haff dizzy with the blest surprize.
I then a match for my ain lad,
er me so much generous kindness had?
ay Sir William blefs these happy plains,
while Heaven grant he on them remains.

PATIE.

ag our Guardian, still our Master be,
only crave what ye shall please to gi'e:
ate be your's, my Peggy's anc to me.

GLAUD.

pe your honour now will take amends
that fought her life for wicked ends.

Sir WILL.

base unnatural villain soon shall know,
eyes above watch the affairs below.
him soon of all to her pertains,
ake him reimburse his ill-got gains.

PEGGY.

me the views of wealth, and an estate
light, when put in ballance with my Pate:
ake only, I'll ay thankful bow
a kindness, best of men, to you.

SYMON.

at double blythness wakens up this day!
now, Sir, you'll no soon haste away?

H 3

Shall I unsaddle your horse, and gar prepare
 A dinner for ye of hale country fare,
 See how much joy unwrinkles every brow,
 Our looks hing on the twa, and doat on you:
 Even *Bauldy* the bewitch'd has quite forgot
 Fell *Madge's* taz, and pawky *Mause's* plot.

Sir WILL.

Kindly old man, — remain with you this day!
 I never from these fields again will stray;
 Masons and wrights shall soon my house repair,
 And busy gardners shall new planting rear:
 My father's hearty table you soon shall see
 Restor'd, and my best friends rejoice with me.

SYMON.

That's the best news I heard this twenty year;
 New day breaks up, rough times begin to clear.

GLAUD.

GOD save the King, and save Sir William lang,
 T' enjoy their ain, and raise the shepherd's sang.

ROGER.

Wha winna dance, wha will refuse to sing?
 What Shepherd's whistle winna lilt the spring?

BAULDY.

I'm friends with *Mause*, — with very *Madge* I'm
 Altho' they skelpit me when woodly flead.
 I'm now fu' blyth, and frankly can forgive,
 To join and sing, *Lang may Sir William live*.

MADGE.

Lang may he live; — and, *Bauldy*, learn to steek
 Your gab a wee, and think before ye speak,
 And never ca' her auld that wants a man,
 Else ye may yet some witch's fingers ban.
 This day I'll with the youngest of you rant,
 And brag for ay that I was ca'd the aupt

young lady, — my dear bonny bairn!

PEGGY.

other name I'll ever for you learn —

my good nurse, how shall I gratefu' be —

thy matchless kindnefs done for me!

MAUSE.

the flowing pleasures of this happy day,

SYMON.

fully all I can require repay.

Sir WILL.

faithful Symon, and kind Glaud to you,

to your heirs, I give an endless feu,

mailens ye possess, as justly due

asking like kind fathers to the pair,

have enough besides and these can spare.

in my house, in calmness close your days,

nought to do but sing your Maker's praise.

OMNES.

LORD of Heaven return your Honour's love,

in your joys, and a' your blessings roove.

PATIE *presenting Roger to Sir William.*

here's my trusty friend, that always shar'd

bosom secrets ere I was a Laird.

my daughter Janet, (Jenny, think na shame)

and maintains in him a lover's flame:

was he dumb, at last he spake and won,

and hopes to be our honest uncle's son;

to speak to Glaud for his consent,

none may wear a face of discontent.

Sir WILL.

my son's demand is fair, — Glaud, let me crave,

my trusty Roger may your daughter have

with frank consent, and while he does remain

in these fields, I make him chamberlain.

GLAUD.

You croud your bounties, Sir, what can we
 But that we're dyvours that can ne'er repay?
 What e'er your Honour wills, I shall obey.
 Roger, my daughter, with my blessing, take,
 And still our Master's right your business make
 Please him, be faithful, and this auld gray head
 Shall nod with quietness down amang the dead.

ROGER.

I ne'er was good at speaking a' my days,
 Or ever loo'd to make o'er great a fraise:
 But for my Master, father and my wife,
 I will employ the cares of all my life.

SIR WILL.

My friends, I'm satisfy'd you'll all behave
 Each in his station as I'd wish or crave.
 Be ever virtuous, soon or late ye'll find
 Reward and satisfaction to your mind.
 The maze of life sometimes looks dark and wild
 And oft when hopes are highest, we're beguiled
 Aft when we stand on brinks of dark despair,
 Some happy turn, with joy, dispells our care.
 Now all's at rights, who sings best, let me hear.

PEGGY.

' When you demand, I readiest should obey:
 I'll sing you aye the newest that I hae.

SANG XX. Corn rigs are bonny

*My Patie is a lover gay,
 His mind is never muddy;
 His breath is sweeter than new hay,
 His face is fair and ruddy:*

His shape is handsome, middle size,
He's comely in his tawking;
The shining of his een surprize:
Tis Heaven to hear him tawking.

At night I met him on a bawlk,
Where yellow corn was growing,
He mony a kindly word he spake,
That set my heart a glowing.
He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
And loo'd me best of ony,
That gars me like to sing since syne,
O corn rigs are bonny.

He lassies of a silly mind
Refuse what maist they're wanting,
As we for yielding were design'd,
We chastly should be granting.
I'll comply and marrie PATE,
And syne my cockernonny
Is free to touzle a't or late,
Where corn rigs are bonny.

F I N I S.



F I N I S

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